

THE JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL

COUNTRY LIFE

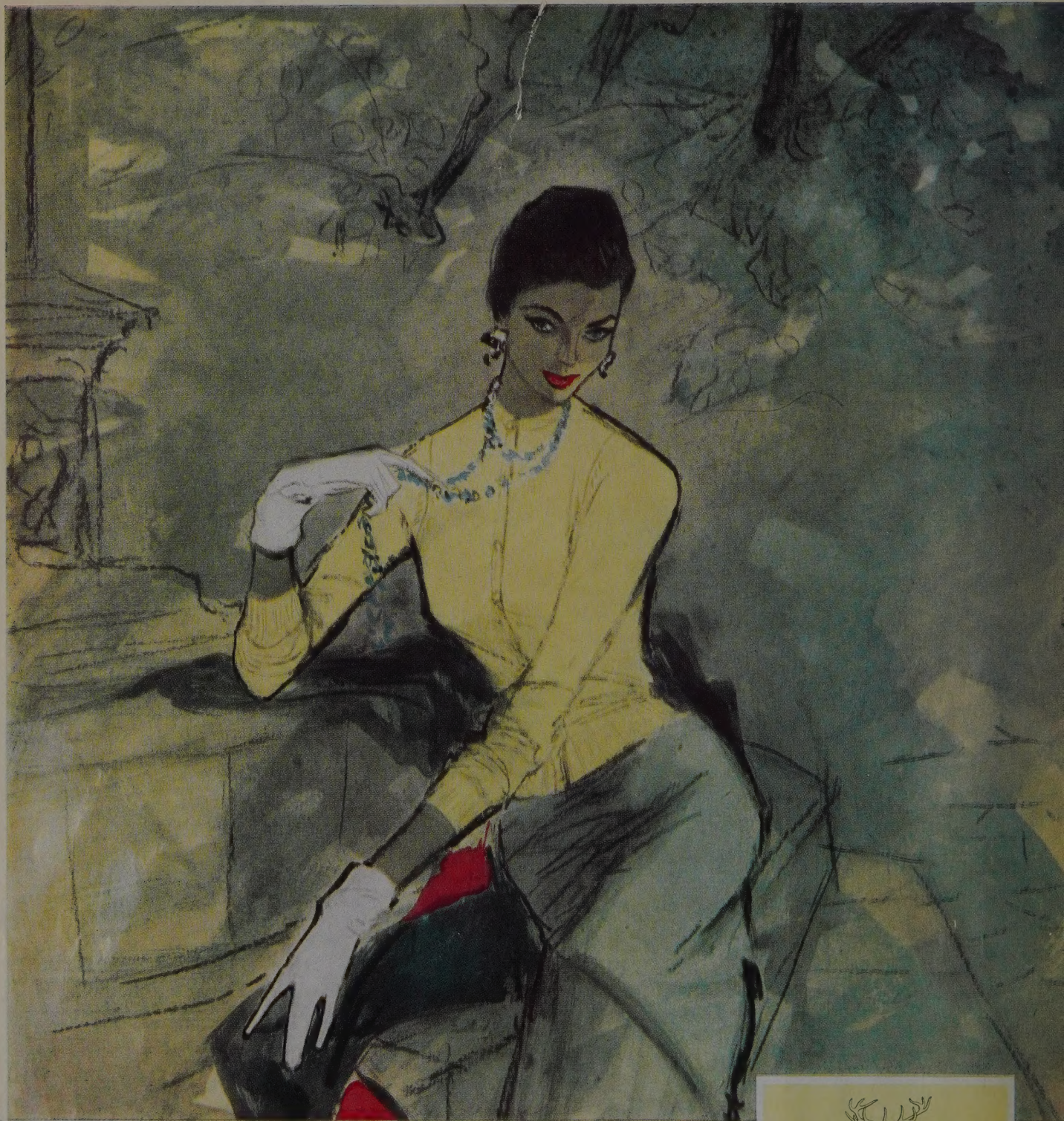
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COUNTRY LIFE

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APRIL 4, 1957

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COUNTRY LIFE

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PROMOTION FOR PARISH COUNCILS?

EVEN after it has passed its Second Reading, a Private Member's Bill can fail to reach the Statute Book. At the moment, an accumulation of Bills awaiting their Committee stage is menacing the prospect that the parish councils of England and Wales will soon enjoy somewhat greater control over the destinies of their respective villages than they have had at any time since the councils were established in their present form just over sixty years ago. If, however, this hope is realised, the thanks of all who live under the jurisdiction of parish councils will be due to Wing-Commander Eric Bullus, M.P., who, having been fortunate in the ballot for Private Members' Bills, has championed a measure much desired by the National Association of Parish Councils, with a membership embracing some 5,500 of the 7,500 parish councils of England and Wales.

How much an extension of the authority of these bodies is due may be gathered from a statement once made in the House of Lords to the effect that the only thing a parish council could do was "to buy a map and look at it." Such a description of their powers was not far from the truth, and little has been done since to make greater use of these representative bodies. Not only is there little in the way of positive action that they can take, as the law now stands, but they are sometimes unable to prevent something very foolish being done in their territories by higher authorities.

A striking instance of this anomaly was quoted by Sir Lancelot Joynson-Hicks from his own constituency when the new Parish Council Bill had its Second Reading in the House of Commons a few weeks ago. Planners "who lived outside the village" were minded to straighten the road running through it, although the road had never been the scene of a casualty. The result of the "improvement" would have been that a motorist, tempted by its straightness to drive fast, would be liable to hit the village children outside their school, which was at one end, or, if there were no children there, he might well run into them at the other end of the straight stretch, where a playground was situated. Happily, that project appears to have been fought and defeated, but only after much money and administrative time had been spent on trying to get the plan adopted.

So lowly is the present status of the parish council that the Bill now before Parliament is, according to its chief sponsor, the first Bill ever to be introduced to deal exclusively with the affairs of parish councils. This measure, if passed, should ensure that, to use Mr. Chuter Ede's expression, they are treated as "adult bodies" by the overlords of local government. Many of the matters mentioned in the Bill must seem very small affairs indeed to a member of a body like the London County Council: but the village is a small unit and the importance

of the parish pump must be assessed by reference to the size of the place it serves.

So when we find this Bill giving to parish councils authority over public clocks and seats, closed churchyards and open spaces, war memorials and shelters, it is putting things that matter greatly to the village into the hands of the elected representatives of the village who will have power to act. Other subjects over which they will have greater control than formerly are lights and loans. Fears of excessive spending are unlikely to be realised. Few employ a full-time official. At least 1,000 have clerks who are honorary. The whole 7,500 councils spend only £1½ million out of the rates, and much of their work is charged to parochial charities.

SPRING IN NEW YORK

*BEAUTIFUL is this city and its skies!
The dazzling light drops down, the air is
wine!*

*I see as through a different pair of eyes,
As if the wonders of the world were mine.*

*The towers fabulous, the shifting throng,
The feel that here a brave and new world is;
So swift, so sure the pace of life, so strong
The urge to reach out for the moment's bliss;
And yet as summer steps more near I long
For other place and quieter scene than this.*

*For home,
For England, all my days unplanned,
With nought so urgent as it first appears;
For blossomed mornings with shy April come
Where past the mists, unseen, the cuckoo nears:
Where on the dark comes sweet the scent of land
Loved, tilled and lived on for a thousand years.*

MARGARET C. GIBBINS.

BAVARIA IN WORCESTERSHIRE

IF Great Witley church were in Bavaria, instead of in a derelict park five miles from Stourport, its glittering Rococo and Baroque decoration would be world-famous. Antonio Bellucci's great ceiling paintings and the windows painted by Joshua Price after Sebastiano Ricci were done about 1720 for the Duke of Chandos's private chapel at Canons, Edgware. When that was pulled down in 1747 the second Lord Foley reinstated them in the Georgian church annexed to Witley Court. In 1937 the Court became a burnt-out ruin and the preservation of the unique church presented an insoluble problem, remote as it is from the small village already served by two more modern and more accessible places of worship. The repairs now completed, more particularly of the roof and drainage system, at a cost of £3,400, are one of the most valuable services carried out by the Historic Churches Preservation Trust. Artistically valuable, that is; for ecclesiastically the church is rather a liability. It was decisions on such relative values that led to the recent unhappy dissensions in the Trust. Many past and potential subscribers will be encouraged by the restoration of Great Witley if it is evidence that use is still not regarded as the *sine qua non* for aid.

PLANNING AND INFLATION

IT is due very largely to the late Sir Patrick Abercrombie that English town and country planning theory and the legislation designed to put it into effect lead the world. The war years' suspension of building and mood of hopeful foresight gave him and those he had trained the opportunity to translate into broad and even detailed outline principles that he had been advocating for a generation; most notably in his County of London Plan. Among Abercrombie's cardinal proposals for London were a fast traffic system and the removal of the central markets, the conceptions of "zoning" population, quiet "precincts," satellite towns and the preservation of local character. His intensely human and sparkling nature, which made him so stimulating as a man, permeated his planning: a town for him was above all a setting for human life, not merely a problem in pattern-making. If, as Dr. Thomas Sharpe has lately said they are doing, people have come to think town planning "just a colossal bore," resenting its small-scale controls and the frequent delays and dullness in its application, it is

because two things have happened. The human element in the process, for which Abercrombie stood, is sometimes lost sight of by the responsible local authorities and corporations; and we are paying the price of inflation. Imaginative planning usually costs more than bad planning, and obviously more than none at all, in the short view.

CRICKET AND ACCOUNTANCY

THERE had been a general belief, backed by the prophecy of a very eminent personage, that the proposals for cricket reform put forward by the special committee of the M.C.C. would not be accepted by the counties. The result has proved otherwise; the Advisory County Cricket Committee have shown themselves adventurous, and the approval of their decisions by the full M.C.C. Committee is likely to be formal. The proposal to limit the number of overs has been rejected, but the limitation of fielders on the leg-side—five in all and only two of them behind the popping crease—has been accepted. This is a point on which not everybody will agree, and everybody is inclined to think that he knows best about cricket. It certainly seems not merely a breach of tradition but an encroachment on the liberty of the subject, particularly that of the captain. But there is no doubt, in the opinion of the best judges, that negative bowling on the leg side is one of the curses of modern cricket, and here is a proposal made by those who might know how to end it. It deserves at least a fair trial. The other proposal of great interest relates to the scoring of points in the County Championship; it comes from Middlesex, possibly from the fertile brain of the great Mr. G. O. Allen. Very briefly it reduces the points for lead on the first innings from four to two, but allows a bonus of two points for faster scoring. Everybody wants faster scoring, but few Englishmen like in connection with their games anything savouring of "those d—d dots." This device has an unattractively arithmetical and accounting air. Yet here again we should applaud and give a fair trial rather than prematurely criticise, though, when all is said, the real reformation is in the players' hands.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BOAT RACE

ONCE again Cambridge have shown Oxford the way from Putney to Mortlake, and that in a year in which Oxford supposedly had such a chance as had rarely been theirs. Oxford, with all the assets of weight and experience, had been such firm favourites that their failure and the success of Cambridge will be a subject for discussion for a long time. The basic truth, of course, is that when the race was rowed Cambridge were the fitter and better crew, chiefly because clever coaching had brought them to their peak at exactly the right moment. If the race had been a week earlier Oxford would almost certainly have won, but the extra week marked their decline, as it showed Cambridge's improvement. Oxford gambled on a new style of rowing and it should not be said that it was that particular style which led to their downfall. When the whole perplexing business can be seen in its proper perspective, one may hope that Oxford will not be discouraged in their efforts at revival, but will realise that, although they were beaten, their methods will ultimately produce the desired effect. There will always be arguments whether Oxford, having won the toss, were right in taking the Middlesex station. Clearly, they hoped to have such a lead at Hammersmith that, when the long Chiswick bend came with its help to the Surrey crew, Cambridge would have to use it to combat Oxford's advantage rather than for their own gain. Oxford certainly did get some lead in the first mile, but it was the next stage, to Hammersmith Bridge, which was the turning-point of the race. There Cambridge regained the initiative, if, in fact, they had ever lost it, and Oxford, who thought that they could dictate the tactics of the race and had been supremely confident in their ability to hold Cambridge, found that their opponents, in their own good time and with fine rowing, were able to draw level. The retaliating spurt which one had expected from Oxford never came, and from then there was never any doubt about the result.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By IAN NIALL

A FRIEND who is a geologist and has on occasion to seek permission of farmers and landowners to enter property where survey work has to be done or earlier maps confirmed sometimes has to produce a pass and remind farmers that there are certain rights which the mere ownership of land does not carry. This, it is true, happens very rarely. A little tact goes a long way and the average farmer or landowner is a reasonable fellow—so long as he doesn't get the idea that open-cast work will follow!

Geologists have not come my way officially, but we have had every other sort of surveyor and inspector here in these past few years. I say this without inviting any I haven't heard of or fail to mention. There was a time when the thing began to grow, but I can hardly say exactly when that was. The papers had mentioned the vast number of officials empowered to enter one's house or property for the purpose of enforcing the law, seeing that the law was being upheld or working out new regulations for the control of places not normally inspected, from the inside of piggeries to the far corners of understair cupboards. We didn't suffer from these invaders, but all at once there came a wave of surveyors and inspectors. The first lot were, I recollect, mere room-counters. They were followed by a second wave who counted the rooms again and defined what was a large cupboard and what a boxroom. They also knew the difference between a kitchen, a kitchenette and a large larder. We let them march through and even had a slight feeling of sympathy for them. We ourselves had never quite had the nerve to call a cupboard a boxroom or a boxroom a bedroom. They had. They went on along the road. I marked it down as a job for life, an endless task.

AFTER that these surveys were stepped up a bit. I think the local council got an idea they were out of things. They sent their own team. I knew when they arrived that the county authority would soon get to hear of it, and, of course, they did, and a new bunch came to measure things, check the checkers, count the bedrooms and the chimney-pots. We began to dread these fellows with their schedules and boards. It was all to do with assessment, re-assessment, getting the assessment down, preventing it being got down and so on. Great fun for all concerned. Finally came the men with the poles, tapes and theodolites. They marked their forms, spied their own poles, drove little nails into the ground and even painted little circles round the nails. I suspected some sort of witch-doctoring here, and haven't yet discovered the meaning of the circles. A fully grown man, and quite an intelligent-looking fellow too, carried a pot of paint in this team, and when one drove a nail into the ground the paint-carrier solemnly got down and painted a ring round it, a green ring, if there is any particular significance in the colour. This set of itinerant measurers marched on into the limbo of the back country.

THE other day, when I was at the cottage and standing in one of the greenhouses where tomato plants were being planted out in beds, I was astonished to see the survey men appear on the scene. The fellow with the pot of paint brought up the rear. He had an almost full can of paint, but I suppose a little goes a long way in the game of painting rings round nails when the nails are about a quarter of a mile apart. "We are from . . ." They didn't get a chance to finish. "Oh yes," we said, "we know. Go ahead." In no time at all they had knocked in a nail, painted a ring and stumbled on up the cliff, through the wood and over the wall. I stood thinking how I had missed a chance to ask about that ring business and



W. H. Smith

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

where they were bound. It seems a mad sort of steeplechase to me. These were not, however, the very same troupe. Could they have been a rival concern? I pondered this, looking at that circle of paint, for it was of a different shade of green. The ones near home had been decidedly eau de nil, while this little ring was privet green. I am sure there is a future in this marching about and measuring, this stampeding over fields and gardens, knocking in nails and painting round them. It has come to stay.

MOSQUITO bites in March are something out of the ordinary, I think, but quite a number of people in my locality have suffered from them of late. The mosquito doesn't bother me very much. Years ago I had a bad bite that actually left something like a pock-mark in my flesh, but the doctor to whom I showed it said that he thought it was partly due to the condition of my blood at the time and partly due to the type of mosquito and the place from which it had come. The mosquitos that have bitten at least three people of my acquaintance have produced large blisters and caused lameness. The local doctors talk about the mild weather and the liveliness of the insects. One, I understand, has said something about horse-flies being to blame, but I don't think the horse-fly does much more than inflict a bite that is painful at the moment, and horse-flies are not generally about quite so early in the year. In fact, they belong to round about hay harvest and a wet summer. The cleg certainly does. When clegs have bitten me I have never had a blister to show.

INSECTS are, however, making great progress. We should have a plague of them by mid-summer if the weather continues so favourable. What about the bees? I was prompted to inspect them the other day when at the cottage—from a respectable distance, of course, for they are an ill-tempered breed we have as tenants just at the moment. The bees are out every day, but I don't think they are making much progress. It looks as though they will need candy again, as they did last year, and this is understandable. Bees need more than mild weather. They need nectar-producing flowers, and the only blossom close to our bees at the moment is that on a young damson tree we planted along the topside of the kitchen garden a year or two ago. Grass is growing, a great display of narcissus, daffodil and hyacinth is to be seen under the pines on the slope, but three colonies of bees need a lot of food and the food just isn't available at the moment.

Perhaps the less we say about bees the better. We have had so little success with them that we can only say we are amateur bee-keepers. We certainly are not honey producers. Honey for our bread comes from bees we never set eyes upon. It was different with the original stock which feasted in the fields of Cheshire and produced so much honey (which we couldn't sell) that we made mead from it. Bees on the seaboard in the north aren't a success unless one has a very large area of flowers and blossom at the vital part of the year, and our bees have a little too far to go. As for wild sources of food, I think silage making, selective weed-killers and so on may make competition among bees a little hard, at least in a poor summer.

THE progress of a mild spring encouraged us to get on with sprouting seed potatoes a little earlier than last year, and for some reason the seed we were able to get was almost as good and regular in size as pre-war seed—pullet's-egg size, I was always told by the old farmers. When we went to examine our own stock of seed we had a shock. Mice and voles hadn't been detected at the corn bins in the greenhouse, where we have always kept our grain, but they had had a fine time in the potting shed, nibbling away at apples on the higher level and our seed potatoes down in the basement. Rats are the curse of some casual poultry-keepers, but we have never had a rat about the place. To make up for this we have voles and mice. The mice crop whatever shoots they can find and steal about gathering nesting materials in the shape of bits of twine and anything else chewable which we happen to leave about. The voles burrow from one tasty root to another and scuttle about the hen-runs scooping up corn and mash.

I can't work up a hatred for voles as readily as I can for house mice or grey rats. The voles are more likeable creatures. I sometimes find them in the rockeries when I take big stones out. Once, when I went fishing and found I couldn't use the fly because the water was too coloured, I pulled over a large boulder to find a worm and uncovered two voles in their burrow. I promptly put the boulder back in place. It is a different matter, however, when voles multiply in a garden and round about a chicken run, and I suppose that poison is the only thing for it. If they weren't vegetarians they might not be so costly, but on the other hand if they were carnivorous they might develop an appetite for eggs or even young chicks, and we have another setting of eggs under a hen.

JAMESTOWN'S 350 YEARS

FIRST PERMANENT ENGLISH SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA

By AUDREY NOEL HUME

THIS week, in a quiet corner of Tidewater, Virginia, the hands of time will be set back three and a half centuries in one of the greatest national birthday celebrations of our times. For the next seven months the founding of the British colony of Virginia at Jamestown in 1607—13 years before the Pilgrim Fathers arrived—will be commemorated in countless different ways by several million visitors from all parts of the world, including a British mission led by Viscount Hailsham. On May 13, 1607, 104 men, varied in wealth and appearance, stepped ashore from three storm-battered ships upon a small peninsula which they named James Town after their king. Here, on a tiny area of wooded land, surrounded on three sides by the waters of the James river and severed from the mainland by a treacherous pitch and tar swamp, these pioneers founded both a new colony and a new nation.

The exact point of their landing lies now beneath the river's muddy flow together with the site of the first settlement, and only the construction of a stout sea-wall has saved the remains of succeeding dwellings from destruction. The first need of the colonists was a suitable defence against the various Indian tribes. In the words of one of their number: "The fifteenth day of June we had built and finished our Fort, which was trianglewise, having three bulwarks, at every corner, like a half moon, and four or five pieces of artillerie mounted in them."

As a part of this year's festival an exact replica of this fortification and of the settlement it enclosed has been erected. Here visitors wander into the small frame-built houses with their wattle-and-daub walls and reed-thatched roofs, and into the larger church, sweet with the scent of the cedarwood pews. The tall palisade which enclosed the tiny community must surely have shaded much of the light from the casement windows, but at least it was a constant reminder that the colony was not wholly without means of defence. A few yards off-shore throughout the festival exact replicas of the three little ships which brought the first settlers—the *Susan Constant*, the *Godspeed* and the *Discovery**—will lie just as they did in 1607; visitors

* The adventurous voyage across the Atlantic of the replica of the *Mayflower*, due to leave Plymouth shortly under the command of Commander A. Villiers, has no connection with the Jamestown celebrations.

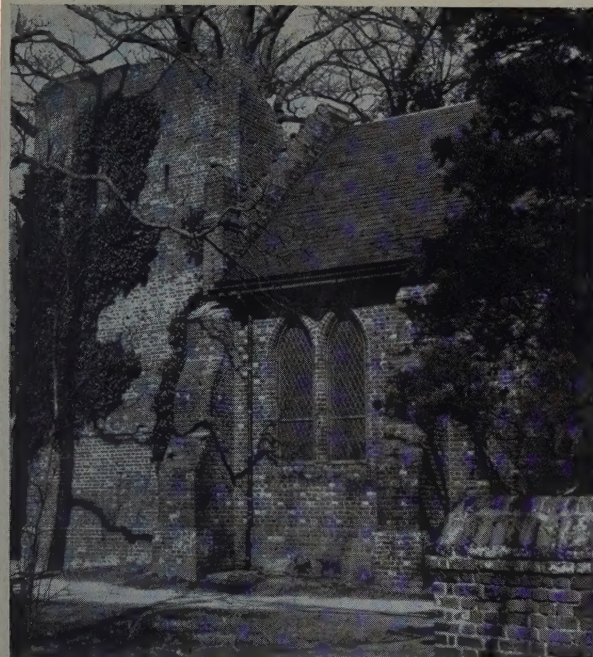


1.—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE SITE AT JAMESTOWN ON THE JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA, WHERE A PERMANENT ENGLISH SETTLEMENT, THE FIRST IN NORTH AMERICA, WAS FOUNDED 350 YEARS AGO.

From a photograph taken in the 'thirties



2.—PALISADES AND HOUSES OF THE FORT RECONSTRUCTED NEAR THE ORIGINAL SITE AS PART OF THE JAMESTOWN ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS



3.—JAMESTOWN CHURCH: THE BRICK TOWER DATES FROM 1639, BUT THE REMAINDER IS MODERN. (Right) 4.—THE CHURCH WITHIN THE RECONSTRUCTED FORT

are allowed aboard the *Susan Constant*. All three ships have been painstakingly reconstructed and have undergone extensive sea trials, including sailing on a course similar to that taken by the originals.

Picturesque as the scene around the fort appears to-day, it can give no hint of the appalling privations and sufferings endured by the pioneers. Life for them was a continuous fight against diseases like the "fluxes burning fevers," from the Virginian climate and from attacks by the Indians. Worst of all, perhaps, was the overriding battle against famine, especially during the winter of 1609-10, when one colonist wrote: "Thus having fed upon horses and other beasts as long as they lasted we were glad to make shift with vermin as dogs, cats, rats and mice . . . some were forced to search the woods and to feed upon serpents and snakes." Not only did the starving men consume the bodies of several Indians, but one of their number is reputed to have killed, salted down and eaten his wife. At the end of that terrible winter only 60 of 490 inhabitants remained alive. Quarrels among the governing faction did little to help the plight of the colony, and the departure for England in 1609 of Captain John Smith, who had proved himself its most able leader, was a sad event. To-day a fine statue of this wise man looks out over the site of the community whose affairs he managed so well, as though he were still watching over the first Jamestown.

Numerous attempts were made to foster industry and crafts among the colonists, but the majority failed miserably. One such was a glass-house constructed in 1608 on a small promontory to the west of the fort; the foundations of its furnaces were revealed by excavation a few years ago. According to Captain John Smith's *History of Virginia*, there was a "tryall of glasse" made in the same year, but the venture never appears to have succeeded. A full-size replica of the glass-house and its furnaces has been erected only a few yards from the site of the original and here glass-makers in 17th-century costume blow glass in the tradition of Smith's craftsmen. The rafters of the thatched, frame-built glass-house are tinted by the glow of the furnaces as America's oldest industry returns to its original site.

In the years after 1610 the colony's affairs began to improve, and this process was accelerated by the experiments of John Rolfe, who by cross-fertilisation produced a hybrid tobacco from the local wild plant and the West Indian variety. In 1614, in a tiny wooden church, the site of which is now covered by two later brick structures, Rolfe was married to Pocahontas, daughter of the most powerful chief of the area, and this event heralded an era of peace between



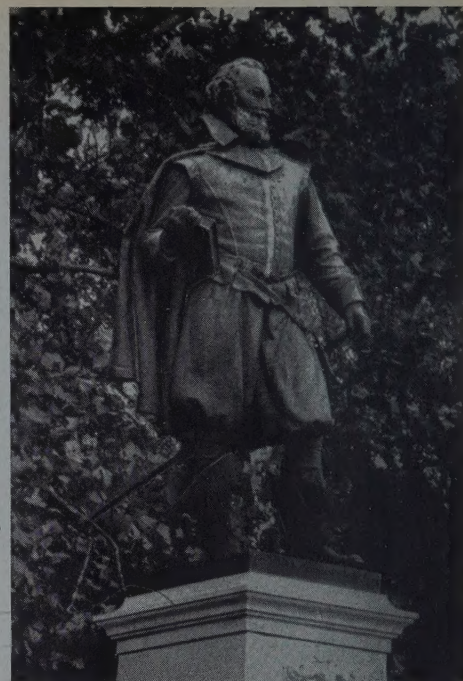
5.—REPLICA OF THE ORIGINAL GLASS-HOUSE BUILT IN 1608. Glass-making was one of the industries attempted by the early settlers



6.—WATTLE-AND-DAUB REED-THATCHED HOUSES IN THE RECONSTRUCTED FORT. In the background is the church



7.—A TYPICAL JAMESTOWN SWAMP, SIMILAR TO THOSE THAT CUT OFF THE ORIGINAL SETTLEMENT FROM THE MAINLAND. (Right) 8.—STATUE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA 1608-1609



colony and tribe which lasted for several years and enabled the settlement to develop more rapidly. Her death in England some three years later brought this situation to an end, and in 1622 over 300 Jamestown settlers were slain during a great Indian attack.

However, this set-back proved only temporary, and the majority of the inhabitants pressed ahead with the building of new and more spacious houses outside the area of the fort. During the past few years the archaeologists of the United States National Park Service and others have undertaken careful excavations in this area, and this year's visitors to Jamestown can walk down the very streets used in the 17th century and admire and wonder at the town with its cellars and brick foundations revealed once more. Remains of a brew-house, of a brick and pottery kiln and a forge show that the early colonists tried as soon as possible to rely only partly on aid from home.

A fine new museum using some of the latest methods of display and interpretation has been erected in the area of the original town, immediately beside the 300-ft. high granite obelisk which commemorates the colony's tercentenary celebrations of 1907. Here visitors may see some of the many thousand 17th-century objects found in the town. These range in size from a 1,300-lb. weight used for driving wooden piles to the river to fragments of four wine-glasses bearing the raven seal of the famous London glass-maker Ravenscroft.

From the museum it is only a few yards to the ivy-covered brick tower that is all that remains of the colony's first all-brick church, built about the year 1639 to replace two previous wooden structures. The first of these, which stood on the same site, was the scene of the wedding of John Rolfe and Pocahontas, and its successor, erected

before 1619, provided the setting for the first legislative assembly to be held in the New World. In the quiet, shady churchyard lie many of the great families of Virginia as well as some of the many less-renowned colonists who found death but not fame and fortune by the placid James River. Close by are two fine memorials commemorating the town's early history. One is a fine statue of Pocahontas dressed in Indian costume and gazing towards the site of the original fort; the other memorial records the first celebration of Holy Communion in the colony, in June, 1607.

To the west of the site of the original fort and town lies the great arc of new buildings which includes a restaurant, visitor-reception and information centres and a platform on which distinguished guests may appear. In the same group of buildings are two large pavilions, one devoted to the New World and the other to the Old. The latter contains a number of historical tableaux featuring life-size figures of persons connected with Britain's early American colonies, and several priceless treasures such as the silver-gilt cup presented to Drake by Queen Elizabeth I and first editions of some of

the works of Chaucer, Spenser and Jonson. The New World pavilion contains objects and documents relating to Virginia's early history which have been lent by institutions and private persons all over the country. To the west of this area is a reconstruction of an Indian lodge as it would have been in the early 17th century, and in it descendants of the original Indian tribes of the district will live and work as their forebears did 300 years ago.

The history of Jamestown came to an end at the end of the 17th century when Williamsburg, then a newly founded town some six miles to the north-east, usurped its place as capital of the colony. But this year Jamestown is once more the centre of attention, and from all over America people are coming to this small area of green Virginian countryside to re-live some of the thrilling early years of this British colony. To walk along the streets trodden by the survivors of the great famine, to stand close to the place where John Rolfe married his Red Indian princess and to gaze out with John Smith to the three little ships anchored in the river—such experiences must surely draw closer the links between Britain and America and emphasise their common heritage.

Photographs: 2-7, Ivor Noel Hume.



9.—REPLICAS OF THE SHIPS—GODSPEED, SUSAN CONSTANT AND DISCOVERY—IN WHICH THE FIRST SETTLERS REACHED JAMESTOWN. They will be moored off-shore throughout the festival

A CURE FOR GLUTTONY

By G. BERNARD HUGHES

GLITTERING with tiny fragments of gold leaf, or flushed with oil of poppy or gilly-flower, surfeit water took its place among the fashionable cordials that concluded the mid-Georgian's evening orgy of eating and drinking. Despite its uncompromising name it was in fact an extremely potent brandy distillation, finding a place among more ornamental delicacies in recipes for the dessert table and requiring its own style of slender and often particularly decorative glass.

As a costly physic for the ills of gluttony surfeit water's popularity was a result of the gargantuan meals introduced by the Hanoverian monarchs and their followers. By 1738 Lord Chesterfield was imperiously complaining that "eating now is the greatest pride, business and expense of life . . . a company is expected to be gorged, glutted and loaded so that there is not the least difference between the most stupid and the wittiest man in it." Five years later Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu wrote to the Duchess of Portland: "The vice of gluttony is so openly professed that one can hardly dine at a fashionable table where eating is not continued without cessation, and treated as an affair of the utmost consequence."

Frequently the company would sit for as long as three hours at the dining-table, eating, drinking and talking without pause, then would move to an adjoining room for dessert (see *The Old English Banquet*, COUNTRY LIFE, February 17, 1955). Here they might be joined by more guests newly arrived and would perambulate for the remainder of the evening, conversing, drinking more wine and eating desserts such as jellies, syllabubs, ice creams, dry sweetmeats and fruit.

Few but the most hardened could go through such an evening without some feeling of malaise. Surfeit water taken in the form of a cordial was the fashionable and costly remedy. It is defined in the *Oxford English Dictionary* as "a water [cordial] or medicinal drink for the cure of the surfeit," the term "surfeit" itself being defined in this connection as "to sicken by overfeeding."

Such discomfort, of course, is as old as mankind. Chaucer wrote of it, and Shakespeare's plays contain frequent allusions, such as the comment in *Measure for Measure* that "They are as sick that surfeit too much, as they that starve with nothing." But until Georgian days

surfeit water was merely an infused potion prepared by the apothecary or in the still room, with no more fashionable pretensions than a plague water.

The *Distiller* (1757) records the increasing demand for the "two kinds of Surfeit-water, one made by Distillation and the other by Infusion." As formal meals became lighter again towards the end of the 18th century surfeit water cordial was no longer served. Infused surfeit waters continued to be made, however, until early in the present century. Mr. Herbert Southam recorded in *Notes and Queries* (1941) that he could well remember "some forty years ago and earlier, when public houses were supplied with jars labelled 'Surfeit-Water'. The contents were for the use of customers who had eaten, or drunk, more than they could digest. They then went outside and got rid of the overplus, and consequently diminished the pain and became less of a nuisance to others more temperate."

"Strong Liquors do not prevent the Mischief of a Surfeit," declared John Wesley in *Primitive Physic* (1747). But the basis of surfeit water was fine brandy in which herbs and spices were steeped. A recipe given by Mrs. Hannah Glasse in *The Complete Confectioner* required four gallons of brandy and twenty-seven other ingredients. "To make surfeit-water you must take scurvy-grass, brook-lime, watercresses, roman wormwood, rue, mint, balm, sage, clivers, of each one handful; green merery two handfuls; poppies, if fresh half a peck, if dry a quarter of a peck; cochineal six-pennyworth, saffron six-pennyworth; aniseeds, caraway seeds, coriander-seeds, cardamom-seeds, of each an ounce; liquorice two ounces scraped, figs split a pound, raisins of the sun stoned a pound, juniper-berries an ounce bruised, nutmeg an ounce beat, mace an ounce bruised, fennel-seeds an ounce bruised, a few flowers of rosemary, marygolds and sage-flowers; put all these into a large stone jar, and put to them three gallons of French brandy; cover it close, let it stand near the fire for three weeks. Stir it three times a week, and be sure to keep it close stopped, and then strain it off; bottle your liquor and pour on the ingredients a gallon more of French brandy. Let it stand a week, stirring it once a day, then distil it in a still, and this will make a fine white surfeit water." In the accompanying notes Mrs. Glasse added: "You may make this water at any time of the year, if you live in London, because the ingredients are always to be had, either green or dry, but it is best made in summer."

The acceptance of this distilled cordial surfeit water as an accompaniment to the dessert is confirmed by the inclusion of two such recipes in a book devoted to confectionery and desserts. Drinking glasses intended for the service of surfeit water were so designed that they would immediately be distinguished from other cordial glasses which had bucket, ogee and bell shaped bowls. Surfeit water glasses were fluted, with narrow tapering



EARLY GEORGIAN COPPER DOMESTIC STILL, USED FOR MAKING SUCH CORDIALS AS SURFEIT WATER. This was a highly alcoholic drink made from brandy and herbs and was taken in small amounts to counteract the effects of over-eating

drawn bowls very slightly convex but never curved at the rim, and with straw or straight stuck stems of about the same length. Collectors have tended to give these the more picturesque but inaccurate name of "ratafia glasses," implying that they were intended exclusively for ratafia, a Georgian brandy infusion of peach, apricot and cherry kernels and their shells with bitter almonds and sugar candy; red ratafia contained also the juices of soft fruits such as raspberry, strawberry and cherry. Ratafia possessed only about half the alcohol content of surfeit water.

The bowl of a surfeit water flute might be encircled with faintly moulded or written flutings extending about two-thirds of the distance between stem junction and rim. This obscured the cloudiness of the white, undecorated surfeit water most frequently used. The upper portion of the bowl might be left plain or be engraved with a flowered border. Other bowls, of clear glass throughout, were engraved with flower sprays. The stem might be plain, or in one of the immensely decorative air-twist, or opaque-white-twist styles. The foot in every example noted has been plain and, to ensure stability, its diameter has been about twice that of the rim, which has usually measured as little as three-quarters of an inch, rarely as much as one inch.

The bowls of surfeit water glasses are too small for wine, and would be ridiculous for champagne, as has been suggested. The narrow bowl exposed but little of the surfeit water to the air, thus minimising evaporation of its 80 per cent. alcohol content. The recommended quantity to be taken was two spoonfuls, and of necessity it could be no more than sipped from such a glass.

The ordinary silver spoon of the period, twice filled, held the amount of cordial necessary to fill the glass two-thirds full at a period when this was the fashionable proportion to fill all flutes, whether wine, champagne or ale. Surfeit water was served directly from one-pint black bottles. Four such bottles containing early Georgian surfeit water were sold at the Ashburnham sale in 1953.



TWO SURFEIT WATER GLASSES, WHOSE FLUTED SHAPE DISTINGUISHED THEM FROM OTHER GLASSES. (Left) Bowl engraved with flowers and foliage; air-twist stem. (Right) Bowl with moulded flutings and rim encircled with flowered border; white-opaque-twist stem

AN IMPROBABLE CAVE

By GEOFFREY GRIGSON

CAVES, we used to believe, were the first houses: we used to think that the first true men had been cave-dwellers. I remember at the Soane Museum a drawing made for Sir John Soane to show the Origin and Progress of Architecture. Men crouched in front of rock and cave. Very conveniently the cave imitated Fingal's Cave on Staffa: it was flanked with pillars of basalt, showing—of course—the Origin of the Column, as well as the Origin of the House.

Caves, though, are not so common everywhere. There could hardly have been enough to go round. Men existed many thousands of years ago in caveless districts; and archaeologists know by modern discoveries that Europeans of the Old Stone Age, at any rate on the caveless steppes and plains of Western Russia and Eastern Europe, already made themselves rough homes of wood, or houses partly built of the bones of mammoths they slaughtered.

Lately I have visited two sets of once-inhabited caves, in the limestone above the River Manifold in North Staffordshire, near Dovedale, and in the limestone above the Mediterranean, the railway and the ancient Via Aurelia, at Grimaldi, just outside France, just across the Italian frontier. I should have preferred a house either way.

At Grimaldi, in the Balzi Rossi or the Red Rocks (which are not so exceedingly red), the caves attracted Aurignacian fishermen and hunters during the Old Stone Age. No corner in Europe is cosier or more clement in the winter months. The sun shines, the mountains keep away winds from north, east and west. Below the caves in this corner you can bathe and swim all the year round.

It was the warmest of corners no less, I suppose, for the Aurignacians, when the glaciers of the last of the glacial periods still extended from the Alps, still came down nearly to Berlin and Nottingham, still refrigerated most of Europe. Aurignacians wintered there 70,000 winters ago. North Europeans—with enough cash—winter there still, avoiding the cold at Mentone, just by the caves, at Ventimiglia and

San Remo just beyond the caves, and in Princess Kelly Land, the lights of which twinkle across the Bay. An old habit.

But the winds blow and the rain falls even here—on Mentone, on Grimaldi, on the pots of basil in the window, on the olives and carnations and fat palm trees, even on the red tiles of a café within a short stone's throw of the warm sea and a long stone's throw of those caves in which Aurignacian hunters lived or sojourned, all those æons ago, and died and were buried, some of them in the floor, packed in the red ochre of life.

Can I see myself crouching over a fire in these caves? No. The wind shifts, the smoke blows into my eyes. The fire dies down, the mosquitoes bite me as I sleep and dream of

to-morrow's ritual dance or to-morrow's steaks—or chops—of ibex.

And can I see myself crouching so much farther north over a gustier fire, sheltering from colder and wetter winds and longer and stronger rain, possibly from mosquitoes as well, high up in Thor's Cliff, inside the mouth of Thor's Cave, above the shine and run of the Manifold river?

Give me a house, with central heating (oil), double windows, and not the tiniest respectable streak of an English country-house draught.

All the same, I have thought about myself living in Thor's Cave. Indeed anyone might fancy himself as a cave-dweller when he first sees this cave, at the first extraordinary glimpse of its great black volute opening up in the sky, up in a crag, so dramatically, so improbably, so far above the trees, the river and the dale.

This dale of the Manifold is—thankfully—a little neglected. It is too near Dove Dale. The celebrity of Dove Dale outshines such a lesser light, such a lesser dale, even such a splendid cave. River, dale and cave and cliff—all of them belong to the Peak District and are yet outside the Peak District. All of them belong to Derbyshire and Derbyshire's limestone, and yet are outside Derbyshire—just in Staffordshire, to be exact.

Go there, all the same. Go north from Ilam, where the lower Manifold comes out of the rock and joins the Dove. Leave overcrowded Izaak Walton Land, and don't take the most direct route via Wetton, but niggle round a bit, by way of Grindon and Butterton, above the Manifold, and then descend to Wettonmill and cross the river, and climb and bend and climb at last towards Wetton village.

But only so far. Because when you are half-way up to the rim, half-way up the flank of a hill which rises 300 feet or so, you observe—you cannot help observing—at right angles, across a tributary valley and jutting over the river you have just left, the grey triangle of Thor's Cliff; and piercing the grey you see that black earhole of the cavern.

The picture is a very strange one, the black hole, the pointed cliff, the green sides of the valley, the violet depths on the valley; also to



ENTRANCE TO THOR'S CAVE ABOVE THE RIVER MANIFOLD ON THE BORDER OF DERBYSHIRE AND STAFFORDSHIRE. "The picture is a very strange one, the black hole, the pointed cliff, the green sides of the valley, the violet depths on the valley"



THE BALZI ROSSI (ROCHERS ROUGES) AT MENTONE ON THE RIVIERA. There are caves here which were inhabited by hunters in the Old Stone Age

one side of the cliff, the side away from the valley, a tall, narrow, severe, stone-built barn, all by itself, outlined against the sky.

I called it a splendid cave. That would not be the cave-explorer's adjective, only the cave-fancier's. Speaking in that rôle, I call Thor's Cave splendid for position, pride and unlikelyness. It still takes a few minutes to get there. From Wetton go down a lane to the tall, severe barn, cross a steep slope of pink campion, meadowsweet and wild orpine; and there you are, in the whorl of the ear of Thor's Cave—the whorls, plural; for it seems a double ear, the two whorls divided by a pillar of limestone streaked green and grey. It is wet as you stand inside the cave, it is windy. Jackdaws chuckle off. A huge window, or second entrance, stares away down the valley. The branches of the cave do not go in very far—50 yards or so. But the point is less depth than height—height above the Manifold, height inside of ceiling above floor.

Having reached Thor's Cave, there is nothing you can do. You look, feel, think, associate, enjoy. Thinking about the name won't help very much. "A remarkable cavern of large dimensions termed Thor's House," says one description of it I came across, "in which the Druids, it is believed, sacrificed to their god Thor." One might as well have said Tottenham Hotspur sacrificing to their god Picasso. Someone has suggested that Thor's Cave, Thor's Cliff, are corruptions only of Tor Cave and Tor Cliff. I should rather think that Thor's Cave, or better Thor's House, was simply a romantic antiquarian corruption of Thyrsouse or Thirst House. Like so many caves in the north—

indeed like the high-perched cave of Thirst House, in the side of Deep Dale near Buxton, or like Hob Thirst Hole in Monsal Dale—they once believed it to be the home of a hob, hobthyrst, hobthrush, a Robin Goodfellow or goblin.

Hobthrush or no, this windy mansion has had its more strictly human tenants, as I wrote at the beginning. Yet not so anciently as those caves of the Balzi Rossi, as the caves of the Dordogne or Northern Spain, and not so anciently indeed as a good many caves in England—and in Derbyshire—which have known hunters of the Old Stone Age.

Some of the finds in Thor's Cave were certainly British ones of the Iron Age; others were Romano-British. Pots and knives and brooches and pins and combs lay under the floor. A weaving comb and a spindle whorl showed that women sat here above the Manifold and spun their yarn and made their cloth. And deep in the cave floor one of its inhabitants was buried, perhaps long before the arrival in England of a Roman or a Briton.

Another cave here, a much smaller one, some 30 feet below the great window of Thor's Cave, has been given the modern name of Thor's Fissure. This was another residence—in the Bronze Age (when someone wore the amber beads which were found), in the Iron Age, and in Roman times. Ask yourself the answer to one question about this other cave. How does it come about that among bones of various animals which were no doubt eaten in Thor's Fissure, there were also the bones of a dolphin, so many miles from the sea?

A rough figure for England, without Wales

or Scotland or Ireland, would be that upwards of 200 caves, in this not very cavaceous country, are known to have been homes for men at one time or another, between the Old Stone Age and the Middle Ages, or later still. Contemplating Thor's Cave, contemplating those caves—or cave shelters—you find in the limestone hillsides of France and Spain, I sometimes think men were too lazy to build. As simple as that. They were sometimes too lazy to avoid a very uncomfortable, windy, wet, rheumatic existence, just preferring what they could find—cold stone and the most approximate cover.

Of course a good many caves or rock-shelters are still inhabited—in France, in Spain, in North Africa, in the Canary Islands and elsewhere—and not exactly by nymphs of the grot. In the Canaries they still cut houses out of the soft orange coloured rock in little warm valleys up the mountains. After I had once seen a good many of these rock houses or cave-houses in remote parts of Grand Canary, equipped with windows, chimneys, bright blue doors, iron bedsteads and sewing-machines, and fleas, I said to a Spanish doctor that I supposed they were quite healthy in that climate of all climates, in that island where it rains three days a year and where the temperature never drops below warm, in winter and summer, by night and by day.

"Have you noticed," he said, "the TB sanatorium, above the sea?"

I had. It was large and it glittered outside the town; it was new, and it gave, I suppose, the answer about all cave houses, Thor's Cave included.

THE BEAUTY OF PIGS

By E. E. NOTT-BOWER

I HAVE never heard of a Large White boar winning a prize at a beauty contest; indeed, I am doubtful if even the most biased boar-master would go to the trouble of making out an entry form. I am speaking, of course, of all-comers events. They win prizes in classes confined strictly to their own breed and kind, and I am told that beauty of a sort is one of the factors of which the judges take account. But the appreciation of beauty of this kind is an esoteric mystery and is confined, like the appreciation of certain forms of art and music, to a small band of enthusiasts which usually includes the most ardent producers of the commodity in question.

Do not let it be thought that I am decrying the beauty of pigs in general: Far from it. I am inclined to agree with G. K. Chesterton who wrote: "The actual lines of a pig (I mean a really fat pig) are among the loveliest and most luxuriant in nature; the pig has the same great curves, swift yet heavy, which we see in rushing water or in rolling cloud. . . . There is no point of view from which a really corpulent pig is not full of sumptuous and satisfying curves. . . . He has that fuller, subtler, and more universal kind of shapeliness which the unthinking (gazing at pigs and distinguished journalists) mistake for a mere absence of shape."

But I am fairly certain the kind of pig Chesterton had in mind was not a Large White boar, at any rate not like Parky, the specimen with whom, until recently, I was constrained to encourage my Saddleback sows to consort.

* * *

Parky was a bony creature who lived out on a bit of marginal land enclosed with a stout wire fence. (I say "was," for Parky recently came to a sudden end. He was brought in temporarily by his master, Mr. R., to a cow byre with electric light, and met his Waterloo in chewing through the cable.) At my prep. school we used to amuse ourselves by seeing who could draw the ugliest face. Some of the productions were pretty terrifying, but none had visualised anything to compete with Parky. His frame was angular and covered with a greyish scaly hide with sparse outcrops of coarse hair and patches of black mud (for he rejoiced in lying where the mud was softest and blackest). His great head, surmounted with bat-like ears, hung menacingly low, his jaw and snout curved

upwards in an expression of the utmost savagery, and he was usually champing something and allowing trickles of froth to fall from his jowl. To cap it all, nature, instead of rounding off an artistic impression of the devil incarnate by endowing him with great eyes blazing with hate and fury, fobbed him off with a pair of small pink ones.

It was almost inconceivable to me that my Chestertonian sows should view this apparition with anything but horror and revulsion, and as I walked up to Mr. R.'s place for the first time with one of them, Brunhilde, I took the precaution of trying to hypnotise her by chanting in a low voice: "He's a beautiful boy, he's a beautiful boy." Whether this had any effect I don't know, but the fact remains that she and all her sisters appeared to find him an amusing companion.

Mr. R., with his little boy Ron, was leaning over the gate as we approached.

"Cor, 'er's fat, 'en um?" commented Ron.

"Mount'nous, 'er is," agreed Mr. R., who himself bore a faint resemblance to Parky. "They'm no good fat as that. No room for lil pegs to grow like, see? What I say, so many knobs of 'er backbone you can feel when 'er comes to boar, so many lil pegs you get, see? What do you call this one then?"

I told him.

"Cor, do you hear that, Ron? Brunhilde! Did you ever hear the like. Cor!"

A man of little sensibility.

"Well, you leave 'un yere for a week," he went on, "and I'll run 'un down a bit finer afore you has 'un back."

He ran them all down a bit finer in turn, so that their curves were much less satisfying, but on the whole they seemed to suffer less than



THE WARM GREY DAY

*ALL day a gentle light has held
The sleepy countryside, the hill
And valley hedgerows in a still
Grey warmth of peace, achievement filled.
Now on the silk the sea has spun
The simple twilight quietly falls;
And lost in time, the heart recalls
First primroses and winter done.*

J. PHOENICE.

I expected from so hideous an incarceration. When Parky passed away I was in rather a fix, for there was no other boar within walking distance, and my sows and I have been forced to the conclusion that travel in the estate van is not to be recommended. Getting one of them in as a start amounts to a major engineering project, and when the journey begins the discomfort to the inmate is intolerable. One moment she is looking out of the window, probably wondering about Parky, and the next, as we round a curve, she is on her back on the opposite side. The constant transference of a couple of hundredweight of pig from one side to the other of the van adds much to the hazards of driving.

* * *

The only solution of the difficulty seemed to be to get a boar of my own, and Siegfried has accordingly joined the cast. (I make no apology for the Wagnerian nomenclature. No pig-keeper with the smallest operatic leanings can have failed to observe the affinities, both visual and musical.) Siegfried was eight months old when I bought him, and during that period had never seen the outside of a warm cubicle in a large pig hostel. It seemed to me that it would be madness to thrust such a hot-house flower straight into the wild open-air life led by his future consorts, so I put him in rather a nice shed I had built myself, with the idea of taking him out for longer and longer walks every day till he became more accustomed to the elements.

But Siegfried would have none of this. He lifted the roof (in the approved Siegfried manner) from the shed, heaved himself over between the roof and the wall, and ambled off to introduce himself to the sows in the paddock. When I arrived on the scene he was in a fair way to pushing the gate down, loudly encouraged by all the ladies who had gathered to receive him. I abandoned the idea of acclimatising him gradually, and peace and happiness have since reigned. So far Siegfried has scarcely lost the chubbiness of youth and consequently, though far from being what connoisseurs of beauty might describe as an eyeful, can at least be allowed to appear before visitors without risk of averted gaze, paling cheek, and beads of perspiration forming on the brow. But what of the future? Can it be that, as the years go on, horror will pile on horror until at last I am confronted with a ghastly reincarnation of Parky?

KETCH OF THE WEST COUNTRY

By MICHAEL R. BOUQUET

WITHIN the last twelve months an interesting coastwise trader has brought several cargoes to the Thames. The steel auxiliary ketch *Result* of Barnstaple has discharged cargoes at Greenhithe and Gravesend. This vessel of 120 tons gross is a frequent visitor to the Channel Islands, and in the last few years she has traded as far north as Middlesbrough and as far west as the ports of South Wales. Not only is she one of the few remaining survivors of the hundreds of schooners and ketches which once traded around our coasts; she also saw active service as a ship of the Royal Navy in 1917, when she had an interesting association with the late G. H. P. Mulhauser, who sailed the yawl *Amaryllis* round the world soon after the first World War.

The *Result* was launched at Carrickfergus on the shores of Belfast Lough in 1893, at a shipyard of which no trace now remains. She was the last of many wooden and steel schooners to be built there. Her builder, Paul Rogers, went out of business while she was being built—the story is that he was made bankrupt by the expense of her construction—and she was completed by R. Kent and Co. Her first owners were the Ashburner brothers of Barrow, themselves a shipbuilding as well as a shipowning family. I was once told that she got her name at the end of a long meeting between her builder, one of the Ashburner brothers and her future master. Many alterations and emendations to her design had been thrashed out before the final plans were decided upon. One of the three men remarked that he did not know what the result of all these changes would be like. "Result?" cried Mr. Ashburner. "Why, she shall be called *Result*!" The *Result* was rigged as a three-masted schooner with square topsails on the fore, and she was regarded as a fast and seaworthy vessel. She was typical of a whole class of coastwise sailing vessels. Now, more than sixty years later, she survives almost as the last of her kind, having been adapted in stages to meet changing circumstances.

In 1909 she was sold to Mr. H. G. G. Clarke, of Braunton in north Devon, that fascinating village that has proved to be almost the last refuge of the sailing coaster. I am told that when she first arrived in Braunton Pill nearly the whole village turned out to see her, the largest vessel that had ever berthed there. The photograph of her taken at Bridgwater at about this time (Fig. 1) shows what she looked like at this stage of her career. One can see her fine lines and her great sheer forward, as well as her three square yards and her lofty topmasts. Soon after she came to Braunton she was fitted with



1.—THE *RESULT* OF BARNSTAPLE, A COASTWISE TRADING VESSEL, SHOWING HER ORIGINAL THREE-MASTED SCHOONER RIG BEFORE 1914. The *Result* is now rigged as a ketch. She was launched in 1893 and saw service as a Q-ship in the first World War. To-day she trades from Braunton in Devon

an auxiliary engine of only 13 h.p.; though her rig was unaltered she was still primarily a sailing vessel. Already she was being adapted from her original form.

Then came the first World War, and for several years the *Result* continued in ordinary coastwise trade under the command of Captain Incedon, who was also part-owner. In 1917, as a result of the increasing success of German submarine attacks, the Admiralty took over a number of merchant vessels, which were fitted out as Q-ships in an attempt to beat the submarine threat. With the outward appearance of merchant ships engaged on their normal business, these Q-ships were in fact armed, commissioned as ships of the Royal Navy and manned by naval crews. The idea was that when a submarine surfaced to sink an apparently defenceless merchantman by gunfire, the Q-ship should throw off her disguise and strike back

with her carefully concealed armament. In January, 1917, the *Result* was taken over and fitted out at Lowestoft as one of these Q-ships, being commissioned as H.M.S. Q23. She was commanded by Lieut. P. J. Mack, R.N., her second-in-command was Lieut. G. H. P. Mulhauser, R.N.R., and she carried a crew of twenty-four, consisting largely of Lowestoft fishermen, with a sprinkling of naval ratings for the more responsible positions at the guns. Her armament consisted of two 12-pounder guns and two 14-inch torpedo tubes. The name of G. H. P. Mulhauser is, of course, a familiar one. An enthusiast for sail and for sailing ships, he bought the yawl, the *Amaryllis*, after the war in order to sail her round the world. Soon after his return he died, but not before he had left an account of his circumnavigation in *The Cruise of the Amaryllis*.

Under Mack and Mulhauser H.M.S. Q23 fought two actions in 1917. One was in February off the Outer Silver Pit at the tail of the Dogger Bank. Mack claimed the submarine U45 as sunk, having hit her three times. But although the German commander and three of his men were killed by the *Result's* gunfire, the submarine herself got safely back to Germany. After this encounter the *Result's* square topsails were removed, and her hull painted white instead of black. She now cruised under Norwegian colours, and with the name of *Dag*.

Her naval crew had no great opinion of the *Result's* sailing qualities. She carried 100 tons of sand for ballast, and some of her naval crew lived in quarters fitted out in the hold. The master's cabin was, of course, the quarters of Mack and Mulhauser. Though the *Result* has a particularly roomy fo'c'sle for a coasting schooner, it was not nearly large enough for her 24 naval ratings. Her naval crew condemned the *Result* as a slow, unhandy and practically unmanageable vessel. In light winds she would never lie nearer the wind than 5½ points, and in bad weather she was like a half-tide rock. One cannot help thinking that this adverse judgement upon the *Result's* sailing qualities may have been partly the result of unfamiliarity with this type of vessel. It does not accord with the verdict of those who have sailed her as a merchant vessel.

In April, 1917, she was again in action off the North Hinder Lightship in an encounter in



2.—THE *RESULT* UNDER FULL SAIL OFF BEACHY HEAD IN 1922. "On she runs in great surges, a bone in her teeth and a white wake behind her"

which she got distinctly the worst of it. A big submarine with guns of larger calibre had all but succeeded in finishing her off, when she was saved by the timely arrival of Commodore Tyrwhitt with some of the Harwich destroyers, which were returning from a sweep in the North Sea. Some of the heavy iron plates which replaced those damaged by the German gunfire were still visible many years later. After a few more unexciting cruises in the North Sea, H.M.S. Q23 was finally paid off in August, 1917, and returned to her normal trade as a coasting schooner. Her Braunton master, Captain Incledon, traded with her across to Morlaix. This cannot have been a very pleasant run, when one realises that by now her reputation as a Q-ship, and her appearance, must have been known to German submarine commanders; but at that stage of the war freights to France were extremely high. Soon after the war Captain Incledon retired from the command of the *Result*. He had had her since she first came to Braunton. He used to say that when he was in the *Result* no other vessel ever sailed and left him in harbour. To him, there was no other ship which compared in appearance or performance.

Soon after the war the *Result's* foretopmast was shortened and the upper topsail yard removed. The photograph of her taken off Beachy Head in 1922 shows her at this time (Fig. 2). It is one of the best photographs of a vessel running before the wind that I have ever seen: on she runs out for the Royal Sovereign Lightship, with sheets slacked out to their fullest extent and tackles on the booms. Her gafftopsail is set; so is her square topsail, and the great squaresail bellies out from the foreyard like the sail of some ancient galleon. On she runs in great surges, a bone in her teeth and a white wake behind her. It was times like these in a coasting schooner which made the hard work and the discomforts all worth while. That particular photograph conveys the atmosphere and the feeling of a vessel running before the wind to an unusual degree.

In the '20s the *Result's* square yards were removed and she became a fore-and-aft schooner, but she still continued to make use of her canvas. She set fore and main gafftopsails, and whenever possible her master made his passages under sail. I knew her well in the '30s when she used to visit Newhaven and went far up the muddy Ouse to the cement works at Asham, near Lewes, to load a cargo for the West Country. Her genial skipper, the late Captain T. C. Welch, had served in deep-water sailing ships in his



3.—THE *RESULT* IN 1936, WITH HER TOPMASTS SHORTENED AND HER SQUARE YARDS REMOVED

youth. Later he had become master of small coasters in the Irish Sea and Bristol Channel. He was a part-owner of the *Result* and under his command the old vessel was always well kept and shipshape.

Captain Welch was a great upholder of the old traditions of the sea. He continued to set his gafftopsails whenever possible, though I doubt if his crew always shared his enthusiasm for them. With her standing rigging set up with the old-fashioned deadeyes and lanyards, and with her open wheel, the *Result* still preserved many of her original features and had about her an unmistakable atmosphere of bygone days. At a time when most auxiliary coasters had houses built around their wheels, Captain Welch still kept an open wheel. "I like to feel the wind on my face, when she's under sail," he once explained to me. "If the weather's too bad for the helmsman to be at the wheel, then it's too bad for our little vessel to be at sea at all." Captain Welch's whole attitude to life was that of the old-time sailorman, intensely professional, his whole being impregnated with the salt of

a lifetime spent at sea. Once in Braunton Church he was trying to point out to me the famous roof-boss on which is carved St. Brannoc's sow and her litter. "There it is, up there between the futtocks and the chocks of the roof. At least, that's what I'd call it if the roof was a vessel's bottom upside down," he added with an apologetic smile.

During the last war the *Result* traded mostly in the Bristol Channel, making "little short daps," as the Devonian describes short quick passages not far from home. But I do once remember seeing her at Gweek, that little Cornish haven far up the Helford River, amid the surrounding hills. In 1946 she underwent a big refit, and a powerful 120 h.p. engine was installed. Her hatches were enlarged and the fascinating detail of deadeyes and lanyards was replaced by the more prosaic bottle screws. A wheelhouse was built round the old open wheel. But still the motto behind the wheel itself remained, "Death before Dishonour" around a five-pointed star. Still in the companionway remained the brass plate headed "H.M.S. *Result*" which gives a summary of her war service in 1917.

Captain Welch died a few years after the war and was succeeded as master of the *Result* by his eldest son, Peter, who had been with his father since leaving school. Under the command of Captain Peter Welch the *Result* continues fully adapted to modern conditions. The latest change made in her rig is an interesting one. To facilitate cargo handling in certain ports, her mainmast has been removed, and the *Result* now sails as a ketch, a curious conversion which has certainly improved her usefulness as a cargo carrier (Fig. 4). Since she was launched 64 years ago, she has been through all the possible changes. She has been a purely sailing vessel and a low-powered auxiliary, and now she is a motor vessel with auxiliary sails. She has had service as a Q-ship, and a few years ago she was temporarily re-rigged with square top-sail yards to take part in a film version of Conrad's *Outcast of the Islands*. The old ship, still classed 100 A1, has certainly had a varied career. She is one of the few ships still afloat to be owned in a country village, and to be manned by countrymen. Long may she sail.

Photographs: 1, W. A. Sharman, 2, P. A. Vicary, 3, the author, and 4, Messrs. Richards Bros., of Penzance.



4.—THE *RESULT* TO-DAY, RIGGED AS A KETCH, SAILING BETWEEN LAND'S END AND THE LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE

OUTSTANDING HUNTER SIREs

By R. S. SUMMERHAYS

LAST week the Hunters Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society held their annual Stallion Show on Derby's race-course, where for many years premiums have been awarded to thoroughbred stallions; future Stallion Shows will not be held at Derby. Here too have been held the shows of the Hackney Horse, the National Pony and the Shire Horse Societies. Any race-course is potentially a favoured site for a horse show, and many will miss the more than adequate stabling, the stands and other permanent buildings at Derby, even if they are in anything but attractive surroundings. The racing and horse-show communities have had to give way to the growth of the city, and another link in the chain is broken.

This Society was formed over 70 years ago to promote the breeding of hunters and other horses used for driving and riding. It started by giving premiums of £50 and £25 to owners of thoroughbred stallions; it was a condition that tenant farmers' mares should be served at a fee not exceeding fifty shillings. To-day the basic

generally recognised too that, with few exceptions, this must be looked upon more as a very pleasant occupation than as a business proposition. To-day this 70-year-old scheme is operated in substantially the same way as it was at the start, although the service fee is now £4, and the number of stallions travelling six districts is 43. Only non-thoroughbred mares are eligible for this service.

Television has made the thoroughbred racehorse familiar to millions. They see him led round the paddock awaiting his jockey, usually calm and quite undisturbed by the packed spectators on the rails, and only when he is drawn into the centre to have his girths tightened, and his jockey is given a leg up into the saddle, does he live up to his reputation of the high-mettled thoroughbred racehorse. Once on the course with his head set for the start, away he goes "pulling double," as they say. How does he strike the onlooker, especially as he returns to the unsaddling enclosure? Fine-drawn indeed, generally with ribs showing, all sinews and muscles and very much "up on the

general purposes, whether the horses are for hunting or for riding.

Almost all horses seeking premiums have been raced, and their records on the flat or over fences are recorded in the catalogue. Some of these are impressive and the extent of their achievements is important, establishing, as it undoubtedly does, a certain standard of speed and stamina, and the ability to stand up to the rigours of training. This is vitally important in each as a potential sire of hunters. Winners of premiums are allotted to different districts for stud purposes. In charge of this is Lord Digby, Chairman of the Stallion Committee. The judges were both managers of famous thoroughbred studs, Brigadier P. E. Bowdon-Smith, from the Egerton Stud, and Mr. C. Roy Parsons from the Sezincote. It will be appreciated that without the annual grant from the Totalisator Charity Trust individual owners could not afford to travel their stallions at a service fee of only £4 per mare.

The horses shown this year were perhaps of higher quality than any others shown since the war; this at any rate seems to have been the impression formed by various people well qualified to judge. It seems, too, that the class for stallions which had not paraded for premiums before was as good as ever previously seen.

The King George V Champion Challenge Cup was awarded to Mr. A. C. Mumford's Starlata, a ten-year-old chestnut by Startled out of Articulata; in reserve was William Mumford and Sons' Your Fancy, a 16-year-old bay, who had to surrender the cup which he had won in the previous year. Both these most worthily stood at the head of this big entry, as the two best stallions shown. They were outstanding examples of all that is required of thoroughbreds of the highest class—great limbs, deep bodies, strong on top, with powerful quarters and splendid fronts—and each bore himself with the nobility of the true stallion. There was little to choose between these two beautiful and immaculate animals.

The Macdonald-Buchanan Perpetual Challenge Trophy was won by another well-known exhibitor, Mr. W. J. Manning, with his chestnut, Solon Morn by Solonaway; his Parlehay by Preciptic was in reserve. Solon Morn is in every way an exceptional horse. The remaining Challenge Cup, the Henry Tudor, was given to the Norfolk Light Horse Breeding Society's Periscope III, a 12-year-old bay by Nosca; in reserve was Royal Lion, also a bay, by Ujiji, exhibited by Mr. S. M. Sturtridge.

Many words of praise could be lavished on the others, for most were splendid too, and there were few light in body or lacking in bone. Many sires, famous as racehorses, were represented in their breeding, notably Blue Peter, Dastur Fair Trial, Big Game, Solario, Bahram, Scottish Union and Hyperion.

The importance of this Stallion Show to the horse-riding public needs little supporting evidence. The only country exporting horses to England is Eire, and fewer arrive than in years gone by, yet there is little sign of diminishing needs. The thoroughbred racehorse, unwanted by the training stables, still supplies a certain number of potential hunters and hacks, as it always has.

Private horse-breeding, without the subsidised premium scheme, would be small indeed; yet what are the requirements? There are over 250 hunts in England, Scotland and Wales. What is the average number of horses required by each? That is anyone's guess. There are at least 100 riding clubs about which the same question can be asked, and there are always at least 22,000 members of the Pony Club—the pony riders of to-day who are the horse riders of to-morrow—and unnumbered thousands who hire or own horses. There is no evidence whatever that the demand will fall off, which emphasises the importance of the work carried out by the Hunters Improvement Society. This show was most successful, and facts seem to point more than ever to its importance.



MR. A. C. MUMFORD'S STARLATA, WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE V CHAMPION CHALLENGE CUP AT THE HUNTERS IMPROVEMENT AND NATIONAL LIGHT HORSE BREEDING SOCIETY'S STALLION SHOW AT DERBY

premium is £325, with extra premiums for the best horses: the service fee is £4. The progress of the scheme during subsequent years, if a little tedious at times, was at least steady; the number of stallions awarded premiums jumped from 28 in 1887 to 100 in 1931, scattered all over the country and serving more than 6,000 mares.

By 1931 mechanisation was well established in the Army and on the land, and the grants made by the Ministry of Agriculture, and subsequently the War Office, were withdrawn, which was nearly a death blow to organised horse-breeding. Enough money, however, was provided by the Treasury to keep the premiums going on a modest scale. To-day a portion of every shilling placed with the Tote contributes to the very considerable sum now paid annually by the Racecourse Totalisator Charity Trust, administered and distributed by the Hunters Improvement Society. Thus the betting public, using the Tote, are helping to keep alive the breeding of these horses. Without this help, breeding horses of the right type, or indeed horses of any type at all, would be left to private enterprise, which would not provide anything like the number required. It is

leg". Some little imagination is necessary to describe him as beautiful. How different from the thoroughbred stallions which were paraded at Derby for the many premiums and the coveted trophies—the King George V Champion Challenge Cup, the Macdonald-Buchanan Challenge Trophy and the Henry Tudor Challenge Cup! Out of training and having now attained maturity, the thoroughbred is seen at his magnificent best, and with the very good entry of 65 animals it was as brave and satisfying a sight as could be seen by a horseman. With full-bodied and generous quarters, well furnished from head to tail, they were hardly recognised as the same animals as were seen on the race-course. This year 17 of these were seeking premiums for the first time.

It is interesting to note that of these horses 12 went into the special class for those who have not been out of training for more than two years and/or not at stud for more than one year. An analysis of the catalogue shows that only three horses stood less than 16 hands and none reached 17 hands; the actual average height was just over 16 hands. This may be considered in every way a suitable height for all

RACING NOTES

SUNDEW'S GRAND NATIONAL

By DARE WIGAN

NO one would describe Aintree as an attractive-looking race-course. Indeed to those who approach it from the railway station the wall that protects it from a drab street presents a somewhat forbidding aspect. Even after one has passed through the gates there is nothing æsthetic about the place, for the stands and buildings are strictly utilitarian. Yet there is no denying that the sombre surroundings are somehow suited to the Grand National and it is impossible to visualise the great thorn fences that stretch away from the stands towards Becher's Brook and the distant railway presenting the same awe-inspiring sight in any other setting. In short, Aintree has atmosphere, and on the great day itself one is impatient for the preliminaries to end and for the star performers to take the stage.

Last Friday the weather was dull and misty and a delicate adjusting of binoculars was needed to throw into relief the fences in the middle distance, and those on the far side of the course were no more than a vague blur. Indeed, by the time that the horses came out of the paddock to parade in front of the stands before the big race visibility was downright bad and

Hart Royal and Rendez-Vous III were concerned, it transpired that the riders of both had gone for the coveted position on the inside of the course, had come together, and skidded on landing. Meanwhile, Armorial III was over in front, followed by Sundew and Morrcator. But Armorial III came down at the fourth fence and as the runners came to Becher's Brook Sundew was in the lead from Athenian and these two came round and past the stands for the first time several lengths in front of a closely knit group that included E.S.B., Goosander, Glorious Twelfth, Gentle Moya and Sydney Jones. But by this time the number of runners was already seriously depleted, only 16 being on their feet.

It may be that as Sundew and Athenian swept over the water jump in front of the stands, Athenian was fractionally ahead, but if so it was probably only on sufferance. In any event, he began to drop back soon afterwards and though he was still lying second to Sundew approaching Valentine's Brook for the second time he was a tired horse and fell there.

After a long, anxious wait during which few people in the stands could say with certainty what was happening, a horse and rider came

over the Aintree fences, for curiously enough, in spite of his long career in the saddle it was only his fourth experience of them. And, finally, victory went to sporting owners, Mrs. G. Kohn and her husband, whose great ambition has been to win this race, and to a small stable, handled by a most capable trainer, F. Hudson, whose exploits with that great favourite Bitter Sweet have been a notable feature of racing at Ascot in recent years.

Sundew, like many other winners of the Grand National, was bred in Ireland. He is by Sun King, a Hyperion horse, out of a mare called Parsonstown Gem, and was sold as a yearling at the Dublin sales. One imagines that he was too large to be trained seriously for flat racing—he stands 17 hands, 2 inches—and in due course he found his way into J. McClintock's stables in Co. Tipperary. He was bought by Mr. and Mrs. G. Kohn on the eve of the 1955 Grand National for something under 3,000 gns. and ran prominently until he fell at the 27th fence. Last year he tried again, on this occasion coming down at Becher's Brook, and it is rare for an animal who has fallen twice to win. But it was third time lucky, both for him



THE FIRST FENCE OF THE GRAND NATIONAL, FIRST TIME ROUND. The winner, Mr. and Mrs. G. Kohn's Sundew, ridden by F. Winter, is on the extreme right

it had begun to rain steadily so that coat-collars were turned up and bookmakers' umbrellas sprang up like large black mushrooms along the rails. This year there were 35 runners for the Grand National and the race was generally considered to be one of the most open for years, for, although Mrs. Bache Hay's Goosander started favourite at the cramped odds of 5 to 1 against, this price was largely fictitious and was due to the fact that he had been coupled in substantial doubles with the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap. Apart from Goosander, the betting took a wide range, though the more fancied horses included last year's winner, E.S.B., the gigantic Sundew, two Irish entries, Icelough and Tutto, Hart Royal, Rendez-Vous III, the grey Glorious Twelfth and Much Obligated, trained, as is Goosander, by N. Crump at Middleham in Yorkshire, though for a different owner.

After the parade and the usual circling round behind the starting barrier while girths were tightened and other items of equipment checked over, the runners lined up across the whole width of the course, which, in spite of its considerable extent, was only just able to accommodate them in one line. Nevertheless, Mr. A. Marsh had them away almost at the first time of asking, and once again one witnessed that thrilling charge to the first of the 30 formidable obstacles. For a moment it seemed that all were over it safely, but then one saw that Hart Royal and Rendez-Vous III, both of them fancied horses, and both, as a general rule, safe jumpers, were down; and Virginius, trained in Ireland by V. O'Brien, was a third casualty, ensuring that Mr. A. Lillingston's first ride in the Grand National was a short one. So far as

into view three fences from home, leading by several lengths. It was Sundew, ridden by the champion steeplechase jockey, F. Winter, who was clear of E.S.B., The Crofter, Glorious Twelfth and Goosander. For a moment, E.S.B. looked dangerous, for he drew up to within a length of the leader. But it was an expiring effort, and Sundew came to the last fence well clear of E.S.B., Wyndburgh, Tiberetta, Glorious Twelfth and China Clipper II, the last-named of whom came down, giving Major W. D. Gibson what might have been a nasty fall. Sundew looked tired, and Winter, knowing how easy it is to be caught on the long run-in, was taking no chances, for he drove his mount into and over the fence and rode him strenuously to the winning-post. As it happened no serious challenge was delivered and Sundew ran out a decisive winner by eight lengths from Miss R. Wilkinson's Wyndburgh, a hardy little horse who had completed his preparation for the race in the hunting field and rounding up sheep and cattle on his owner's farm in Roxburghshire. Mr. E. Courage's mare, Tiberetta, six lengths away, was third, and Glorious Twelfth, who had run prominently throughout the race, fourth. Others to finish included Goosander, The Crofter, Sydney Jones and E.S.B.

This year's Grand National was a satisfactory race. In the first place there were no serious casualties. In the second, there was no semblance of a fluke about the result, for except at the first fence, and possibly for one moment at the end of the first circuit, Sundew was in front and defied the efforts of the other runners to catch him; third, it provided our foremost steeplechase rider with his first Grand National winner, and, indeed his first winner

and for his owners, who had previously bought two other Irish-bred jumpers, Quite Naturally and Churchtown, in the hope of winning steeplechasing's greatest prize.

Apart from the Grand National, there were two other items of interest in the racing last Friday. The first was the smooth performance of Mr. J. E. Sutcliffe's Palissy when winning the Coronation Hurdle, which was the first race on the card. This five-year-old gelding has been lightly raced, but judged by breeding—he is a half-brother to two really good horses, Guersant and Ocarillus—and by conformation, he might well fulfil the hopes of his trainer, W. Stephenson, that he will train on into a hurdler comparable with Sir Ken, whom Stephenson sent out to win the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup in 1952-54 inclusive. And, second, D. Smith, champion jockey on the flat, showed that even at this early stage of the season, there was nothing the matter with his timing when he chose the precise moment to dash Lady Wyfold's consistent six-year-old gelding, The Blessing, into the lead in the six-furlongs Hylton Plate and snatch victory by a neck from the fast-finishing Libator.

Finally, this year's Grand National meeting was enlivened by a spirited duel between Mrs. Mirabel Topham, dynamic ruler of Aintree race-course, and the "blower" agencies, who demurred at paying the fees that she asked in exchange for permission to operate their service which links S.P. bookmakers in London and other large cities with their opposite numbers on the race-course. It seems that all manner of ingenious devices were employed in order to meet the situation, and, judging by results, some of them were successful.

COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG

VIRGINIA'S 18th-CENTURY CAPITAL RESTORED

By R. W. SYMONDS

WILLIAMSBURG succeeded Jamestown as the capital of the English colony of Virginia in 1699, and became not only the seat of government, but also the social and cultural centre. When the capital was removed to Richmond in 1780, Williamsburg began to fall into a decline. Its two most important buildings, the Governor's Palace and the Capitol, were destroyed by fire, the former in 1781 and the latter in 1747. The Capitol was rebuilt, but was again burned down in 1842.

The 19th century was a period of spoliation, for a number of the 18th-century houses were pulled down and rebuilt or added to until the original character was either much impaired or entirely lost. This destruction continued apace into the present century, when modern buildings ranging from shacks to shops, garages and all the buildings necessary to commercial life in this modern age were added to the confusion. Other eyesores were the advertisements pasted everywhere, flashy shop-fronts, electric signs, telegraph poles and rubbish-dumps. We in England know too well how completely the charm and amenities of a rural town can be overlaid and converted into a state of what has been so aptly defined as Subtopia.

But much of 18th-century Williamsburg remained, for there were many of the old framed and boarded houses, with their big brick chimney-stacks, still standing. A number of the larger houses of brick of the more eminent citizens had also survived. The Bruton Parish Church, completed in 1715, was still intact, and



THE CAPITOL AT WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA. Williamsburg was the capital of Virginia from 1699 to 1780, and in the last thirty years has been the scene of a notable reconstruction

the original building of the William and Mary College (though much rebuilt as it had been burned down three times—in 1705, 1859 and 1862) was also existing. It was the second college to be founded in America on English lines; Harvard was the first.

The Rector, the Rev. Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, saw the gradual decay taking place around him, and he had day-dreams of how the old colonial part of Williamsburg could be restored.

One day he happened to meet Mr. John D. Rockefeller at an official luncheon in New York and spoke to him of his dream of a restored Williamsburg. So anxious and persistent was the Rector that at last Mr. Rockefeller came to Williamsburg to see things for himself. But it was not until a second visit that he decided to follow out Dr. Goodwin's ambitious plans for restoration.

In 1927 things began to happen. People were approached about the sale of their houses and their land in the town. Architects were seen examining and measuring buildings, and surveyors were noticed busy with their measuring-tapes and stakes. Soon gangs of workmen appeared and the demolition of buildings, sheds and other structures began. The site of the Governor's Palace, upon which was standing a modern high school, was cleared. Then the people of the town were surprised to see workmen digging in search of the foundations of the brick walls that originally belonged to the Palace. The whole of the foundations were soon exposed and the committee of consultants, composed of eight architects who were leading authorities in colonial architecture, realised that they

now had two dimensions of the old Palace. But the third still eluded them.

As well as the employment of architects, lawyers, surveyors, landscape gardeners, draughtsmen and builders, another department was created. It consisted of experts who were employed in research work to find out from old records—maps, letters, newspapers, photographs or drawings—all that they could about the Williamsburg of the 18th century. This



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE. Thirty years ago nothing survived of the original building except the foundations



18th-CENTURY COPPER PLATE IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, SHOWING THE ORIGINAL APPEARANCE OF THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY, FOUNDED IN 1694. The central block is attributed to Sir Christopher Wren

Department of Research and Record spread its net wide. Not only did it seek for evidence in America, but it also sent its representatives to Europe.

One of the most important things brought to light was a map of Williamsburg, found in Virginia, which was believed to have been drawn by a French engineer about the year 1782. This map, which is called the Frenchman's Map, was of the utmost value, for it not only showed a post-Revolution plan of the town, with its streets, but each individual house, both large and small, was actually drawn to scale. Thus were revealed the sites not only of buildings that were still standing, but of those that had long since been destroyed. Invaluable though it was, this map still did not help in finding the third dimension of the Governor's Palace.

Lying hidden in the archives of the Bodleian Library in England, however, was a copper plate made in the 18th century for a book illustration. On this plate was engraved the Governor's Palace at Williamsburg, the Capitol and the original part of the College of William and Mary, which, it is said on good grounds, is from the design of Sir Christopher Wren. With the help of this plate the architects were now able to design the elevations of the Palace and the Capitol, and it also assisted them in restoring the Wren building of the College to its original appearance.

There were certain standards laid down for the restoration, and these show to what lengths the architects who were responsible for the success of the project went. An important decree was that "Within the restoration area all work which no longer represents colonial or classical traditions should be demolished or removed." And again, "No surviving old work should be rebuilt for structural reasons if any reasonable additional trouble and expense would suffice to preserve it."

A distinction was drawn between preservation and restoration; the former meant the scrupulous retention of surviving work by repair, the latter "the recovery of the old form by new work."

An important ruling was that "the largest practical number of buildings should be preserved rather than restored." Of equal importance was that, when it was essential to use new materials, they should be of a character approximating to the old as closely as possible, but "no attempt should be made to 'antique' them by theatrical means."

The original red bricks of the old houses possessed an individual character, for many of the headers had a grey-green glaze which gave an added richness to the brickwork. The importance of obtaining the same type of bricks was immediately realised. Consequently the local clay was used, and the bricks were baked in a kiln fired with oak logs. It was found that those bricks nearest the fire acquired the traditional glazed surface.

The original buildings of Williamsburg were roofed with wooden shingles. This use of a wooden roof was not considered advisable, and shingles were therefore reproduced in asbestos, carefully moulded from original wood shingles and coloured to match. Care was also taken, in order to avoid a monotonous and mechanical effect, that the shingles should be varied in the curl of their edges.

When I visited Williamsburg the year before last, I dined at the King's Arms Tavern. The room was lit by candles, and one was waited upon by young men dressed in the 18th-century manner, with tie-wigs, knee-breeches, white cotton stockings and buckle shoes. I was told that they were students working their way through college who were only too pleased to supplement their incomes in this way. The bill of fare contained no modern dish. The food of the 18th century was strictly adhered to: "Fine broiled fish from local waters. Virginia HAM bak'd in the Approv'd Manner... and sallad of fresh Garden Stuff with Herb Dressing." Although it was a warm evening there was a small log fire burning on the hearth in the deep embrasure of the chimney-piece, but this was of no consequence, for the whole building was air-conditioned. The Englishman who loves fresh air and open windows may take exception to such a building being air-conditioned, but it should be remembered that Virginia is far south, and during the summer months the heat can be excessive. Closed windows and air-conditioning then become a blessing in disguise. After all,

there is no point in reproducing the discomforts of our forbears.

Not only did the architects responsible for the restoration adhere to the wise principle of avoiding all temptations to "antique," but they refused in any way to falsify the evidence of the past. For example, I asked why there was no butcher's shop in the town. The reply was that as no definite record could be found no attempt was made to act on assumption, or construct one "on a basis of probability." So religiously and so scrupulously have the restoration and reconstruction of Williamsburg been undertaken.

Those shops of which there are records—among them those of silversmith, barber, milliner, wigmaker, blacksmith, shoemaker and cabinet-maker—are all either in the buildings in which they were originally housed, or in buildings restored on the evidence of plans and documentation.

A happy note is that, although we are on American territory, the British national flag of the 18th century still flies over the Capitol and on the green. Permission was specially obtained for the pre-Revolutionary flag to be flown at these two places, and the sunrise and sunset ceremonies are carried out with great dignity and even reverence.

The Governor's Palace looks new, for it is indeed an entirely new building, built with new materials. But so much thought and combined knowledge, together with taste, have been put into the design of this building that when one looks at it there is not a jarring note. It



THE WREN BUILDING OF THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY AS RESTORED

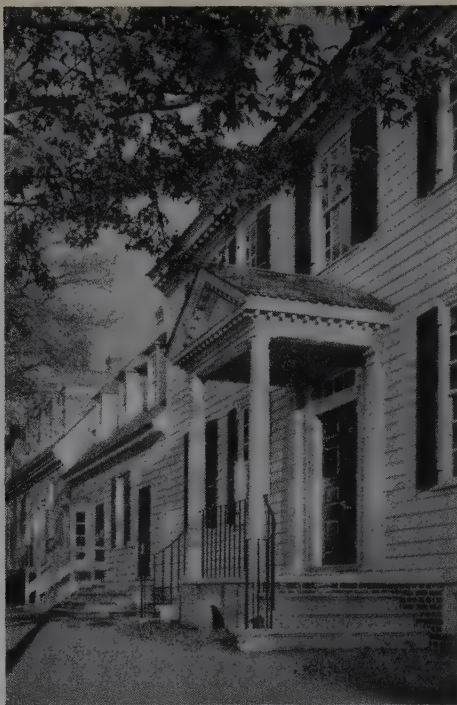
says a great deal for the inherent quality of early-18th-century architecture that one can enjoy a new copy of a building of the time of Wren unassisted by the patina and weathering of age. The charm of restored Williamsburg, with its white-painted wood houses intermingled with those of brick, its white fencing, its gardens and trees, is due largely to the freshness and newness of its appearance—and not to the lure of the past.

Colonial Williamsburg has its own architectural department, at the head of which are Mr. A. Edwin Kendrew and Mr. Singleton P. Moorehead. Messrs. Perry, Shaw and Hepburn, the Boston firm of architects, worked originally on the restoration, but they now serve only in an advisory capacity.

The meticulous care that has been taken over the buildings is extended also to the decoration and furnishing of the interiors of the various houses and public buildings. Most of the larger houses, once inhabited by prominent citizens, are now open to visitors. The decoration and furniture are in the care of the curator, Mr. John Graham II, together with his able assistant, Mrs. Eleanor Duncan.

Only 18th-century fabrics are used for the curtains, chair and couch coverings. These old materials combined with old furniture, when selected with knowledge, give distinction to a room. Nothing, however, is so difficult to find as 18th-century fabrics such as moreens, harra-teens and damasks, for, like old clothes, they are thrown away when shabby and moth-eaten. In the rooms that have been arranged by Mr. Graham, the furniture, the curtains, the rugs, the candle fittings and the ornaments—even down to the smallest details, such as a child's doll—recapture in a most realistic and charming way the atmosphere of the 18th century.

The furnishing of the Governor's Palace is English and not Colonial. The apartments contain a number of outstanding examples of



THE JAMES ANDERSON HOUSE AS RECONSTRUCTED. George Washington used to stay here

18th-century furniture. In furnishing the palace, an inventory taken in 1770 of the possessions of the Governor, Lord Botetourt, was closely followed wherever possible. Apart from the furniture, there are also notable 18th-century examples of porcelain, pottery, silver,

needle-work carpets, chandeliers and sconces. A recent addition to the Palace collection is a long-case clock by Tompion. This was originally in the possession of William III, as is proved by his cypher, W.R., on the plinth upon which is set a figure of Minerva, which surmounts the hood. This remarkable clock has a movement that goes for three months and a perpetual calendar, which means that, when leap year occurs, a piece of mechanism comes into play in the calendar work that makes allowance for the extra day. The calendar mechanism also regulates the varying days in a month, which is not possible with the calendar work of the ordinary grandfather clock, where the adjustment has to be made each month by hand. Every day, as American visitors pause in front of it, this stately clock accomplishes a mission which would have pleased its maker, Thomas Tompion; it reminds them that the English people have genius for invention as well as for fine craftsmanship.

A fact worth recording is that the stone threshold of the entrance door of the Palace is now worn hollow from the tread of the tens of thousands of visitors who have been to the Palace since its opening over twenty years ago. It is said that more than a million people visit Williamsburg every year.

The sincerity and scrupulous regard for truth with which the restoration of this 18th-century town has been carried out are what immediately impresses the visitor. In Colonial Williamsburg scholarship and an impeccable taste—not always the best of companions—have combined to form a perfect unity.

I am indebted for many facts and also for a number of the illustrations to *Colonial Williamsburg, Its Buildings and Gardens*, by A. Lawrence Kocher and Howard Dearstyne, which is one of the official publications of colonial Williamsburg.

AUTHENTIC 18th-CENTURY GARDENING RECONSTRUCTIONS AT WILLIAMSBURG By LANNING ROPER

MUCH has been heard about 18th-century gardens in Britain, but there are few examples extant that have not been altered subsequently in such a way that they now represent a compromise with the original design and planting plan. Over the last 20 years it has been my good fortune to watch the recreation of authentic gardens of that great age at Colonial Williamsburg. They are as close to the 18th century in design and in plant material

as it has been possible to make them, and, moreover, they are of unusual interest because there are examples of both large and small gardens; all too often it is only the larger ones that have survived.

Virginia was essentially a colony of prosperous tobacco planters. They flocked to Williamsburg, especially when the general assemblies and courts were in session, along with notable figures in diplomatic and legal life. The court met there

in spring and autumn, and the shops were full of the latest wares from England. This migration was a little like coming up to London for the season. Town residences were maintained or rented by some of the planters, and visitors stayed in the excellent ordinaries, as the inns were then called. Entertaining was the order of the day, and the Governor's Palace with its great ballroom and elaborate gardens and pleasure grounds was the centre. Against this background the gardens of Colonial Williamsburg are to be explained.

In addition to the impressive gardens of the Palace with its formal parterres, mount, canal, bowling-green, walled fruit garden and maze patterned after the one at Hampton Court, there were the smaller but still impressive gardens of the fine town houses, rather like the country estates of the planters who owned them, but reproduced in miniature with all the elements—formal decorative schemes, kitchen gardens, orchards, stables and carriage-houses, as well as the usual detached units including kitchens, smoke-houses, wood-sheds, wells and necessities. The integration of these last five into the design of the garden was enough to tax even the greatest ingenuity. Last, there were numerous small residences of simple nature set in modest gardens, but again with various detached outbuildings.

For the reconstruction of the gardens a vast amount of research was required. Much of this was done in Great Britain and in the West Indies, through which so much trade flowed in Colonial times. There were many clues. Sometimes, as in the case of the Palace, the actual foundations of garden walls and paths were found to indicate the plan, the scale, the materials used and even the pattern of the brick paving. In other gardens original trees and plantings of boxwood survived. Then there were old maps, prints and inventories. In addition, there were numerous records, diaries, inventories, invoices and old letters written by residents and visitors, which have proved highly informative about the design of the gardens and



THE GARDENS OF THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, WILLIAMSBURG, SEEN FROM THE MOUND. In the foreground is the maze, based on that at Hampton Court



THE GARDEN OF THE GEORGE WYTHE HOUSE. On the left are the stables, slave quarters and smoke-house

the exciting new flora, as well as about the steady flow of new plants from Europe, the West Indies and the East. Lastly, there was much information to be learned from the examination of other gardens in the area, contemporary in period and style.

It must be remembered that all the restored town is occupied and lived in, with the exception of exhibition buildings. Therefore it has been necessary to adopt these 18th-century garden plans by the inclusion of such practical adjuncts as parking areas, drying yards, garages and refuse disposal, cleverly concealed from the casual eye. Particular attention has been given to the plants utilised. After careful consideration it was decided to use only plants indigenous to the area and those known to have been introduced into Virginia before 1800. These included trees, shrubs, bulbs, herbaceous plants and, of course, fruits, vegetables and herbs. Obviously most of the plants used are species, and the vast number of garden hybrids of later years are missing. Hence there are no hybrid tea roses and almost none of the so-called old-fashioned roses, for they were largely the product of a later period and some of the early ones had not been introduced by 1800. It is interesting to see how successful gardens planted almost entirely with species can be and one is acutely aware of the fact that so many plants like forsythia, *Wistaria sinensis* and Chinese rhododendrons and primulas, which we to-day expect as a matter of course, had not been introduced by that date.

Of particular help in this research were the papers and letters of John Bartram (1699-1777), a Pennsylvania farmer who travelled widely from Canada to Florida, observing and collecting the native flora not only for his own botanical garden at Philadelphia, but also for his numerous correspondents throughout Europe. Linnaeus called him "the greatest natural botanist in the New World." There were others: men like John Custis (1678-1749), a resident of Williamsburg, who had not only a fine garden but a wide correspondence concerning it; John Clayton, who wrote his invaluable *Flora Virginica*, which appeared in 1743; and Alexander Garden (1728-1791), an Edinburgh

physician who settled in Charleston to practise medicine but whose great interest lay in collecting plants and exchanging information about them. Two American presidents, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, both ardent gardeners, kept elaborate notes on the plants in their gardens, both native and imported. Then there were overseas travellers who not only collected plants but recorded their impressions of the native flora. Mark Catesby (1679-1749) was certainly the foremost of these. He came to

the southern states to visit his sister in 1712 and was so fascinated by the flora that he remained until 1719 and returned later. His beautifully illustrated *Natural History of Carolina, Florida and the Bahama Islands* is rich in information.

Last, it should be remembered that Linnaeus (1707-1778), who was busy naming plants in accordance with his new binomial system, was receiving a constant stream of strange plants from the New World, both from



BOX HEDGES, BRICK PATHS AND FORMAL BEDS IN THE SMALL-SCALE REPITON HOUSE GARDEN

correspondents, including some of those named above, and from his pupil, Peter Kalm, whom he had sent to America to collect and to observe. It is for him that the lovely mountain laurel *Kalmia latifolia*, one of the finest of North American shrubs, is named. Likewise Linnaeus immortalised other American naturalists and collectors when he named the genera *Gardenia*, *Claytonia*, *Mitchellia* and *Halesia*.

As far as native plants were concerned the Colonial gardeners were blessed. Endemic were fine evergreens and deciduous forest trees, many of which like the American lime (*Tilia americana*), beech (*Fagus grandiflora*) and hornbeam (*Carpinus carolinianum*) had close European counterparts and could be employed in the same manner. Then there were exciting new flowering species like *Liriodendron tulipifera*, *Aesculus pavia*, *Stewartia malacodendron*, *Cornus florida*, *Cercis canadensis*, *Halesia carolina* and *Chionanthus virginica*, all of which quickly found their way to England. For brilliant autumn colour outstanding trees were the choice *Nyssa*

grew so well in their new environment that box has become a special feature of southern gardens. Last, and certainly not least, was the exquisite *Magnolia grandiflora*, with its huge glistening leaves and heavily scented, creamy white, chalice-shaped flowers, the pride of the south.

Two other introductions which are outstanding in Williamsburg gardens must be noted: the crape myrtle (*Lagerstroemia indica*) with its panicles of pink, white or magenta flowers intermittently throughout the summer, and the chaste tree (*Vitex agnus-castus*) with blue flowers. Both of these grow to great size, can be pruned back very hard and provide colour when there is little else in the way of flowering shrubs in the summer heat.

Into Virginia throughout the century came a flow of plants from Europe as well as from the East. These included lilacs, philadelphuses, pinks, canterbury bells, foxgloves, calendulas, marigolds, hollyhocks, poppies, violas, stocks, periwinkles, sweet williams and pæonies. Bulbs

and smoke-houses were close to the houses, while necessities, treated almost like garden gazebos, were usually situated at the bottom or rear of the garden. Ornamental benches were in demand in a climate where sitting out under trees was desirable in summer heat, and vine-covered shelters and pleached arbours were widely used.

There was little if any decorative use of water save in the Palace garden, where there are a formal canal and fish-pond, overlooked by a series of terraces and by the mount under which the ice-house was constructed. Elsewhere water was too scarce in summer to allow the waste of it for decorative purposes. Ornament was simple save again in the Palace garden, where there are delicate iron grilles and gates, lead urns and vases, made from old prototypes, and finely carved finials of stone. The last were copied from the broken remains found buried on the site. As most of the stone was imported from England at great expense, the almost complete absence of it in other gardens is understood. No



THE PITT-DIXON HOUSE GARDEN: PICKET FENCES, BRICK PATHS AND BOX BORDERS. In the background is a covered well. (Right) THE DEANE HOUSE GARDEN: HERBACEOUS PLANTS, TOPIARY WORK AND LIQUIDAMBERS

sylvatica, the scarlet oak (*Quercus coccinea*) and *Oxydendron arboreum*. Flowering shrubs offered a wide scope with *Calycanthus florida*, *Clethra alnifolia*, *Kalmia latifolia*, *Gardenia jasminoides* and, of particular interest for hybridisation as well as for their own beauty, *Rhododendron calendulaceum* and *R. nudiflorum*, which, when crossed with *R. luteum*, were to produce the Ghent azaleas and other outstanding strains of azalea hybrids.

As for evergreens, the colonists were particularly well off and their gardens reflected their fondness for both the broad-leaved and coniferous type. This predilection is possibly to be explained by the desire for a cool green setting reminiscent of the lush green of the homeland in this land of burning sunshine and summer heat. In any case the use of evergreens is typical of Williamsburg gardens and is part of their essential character. *Pinus strobus* and *P. taeda* provided timber and fast-growing shelter belts. *Ilex vomitoria*, the yaupon holly, proved a wonderful hedge plant amenable to topiary treatment, as did the more vigorous live oak (*Ilex virginiana*). Then there were the glistening green American holly (*Ilex opaca*), the pungent *Myrica cerifera*, the cherry laurel, the Virginia juniper, the scrub pine and many more. Both the dwarf and tree type of boxwood were imported from Britain at an early date and they

which were introduced colonised quickly, including narcissi, scillas, sternbergias, irises, hyacinths, crocuses and colchicums. These, then, with the climbing white jasmine and a few roses including *R. centifolia*, *spinosissima*, *laevigata* and *palustris*, were the primary plants in gardens. In addition there were, of course, fruits like apple, pear, peach, plum, fig, currants, medlar, quince, persimmon and nut, and a long list of herbs, both culinary and medicinal.

The design of gardens was essentially formal, more so than was currently fashionable in England, but the planter in the wild untamed landscape of the country yearned for the formality and essentially controlled elements of his highly civilised homeland as he had known it. Plans were geometrically symmetrical, usually rectangular, square or oval, with paths of brick, marl, pebbles or oyster-shell. Picket fences, with or without aerial hedges, and walls, although less often owing to the expense, formed the boundaries. Hedges of yaupon holly, box or bayberry gave form and an evergreen pattern to the plans, and the beds within were carpeted with periwinkle with an interplanting of spring bulbs. Lilacs, chaste trees, crape myrtles and sweet bay (*Magnolia virginiana*) were massed or used as specimens. Topiary spirals, balls, pyramids, and occasionally animal or bird figures formed accents. Wells, always covered,

precedent for any quantity of statuary can be found and there are few records of sundials save in one Williamsburg garden.

Space does not permit comment on specific gardens in detail, but, after a recent visit to many of them in mid-November, I was particularly struck by their beauty, even at the approach of winter, thanks to the copious use of evergreen plants. Second, the formality of design has proved successful in small and large gardens alike, as there is compactness and unity in the geometric lay-outs and interest in the patterns of the brick walls, the variety of fences, gates and finials and the pleasing proportions of the 18th-century houses and outbuildings. There is gracious dignity and simplicity about all these 18th-century gardens with their preponderance of evergreens throughout the year, and the direct effect of the Williamsburg tradition of gardening is evident in other parts of America, particularly in cities like Washington, Philadelphia and Wilmington, where the gardens reflect many of the principles mentioned above, for gardeners are turning more and more to the simple designs exemplified in the gardens of Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia in the 1700s. "That the future may learn from the past," the motto on the seal of Colonial Williamsburg, certainly holds good for gardening.

NEW BOOKS

THE LIFE OF PLANTS

THE scientist's understanding of living things has increased immensely in the past century. As a result the techniques of horticulture and agriculture have undergone many changes, and even the amateur gardener finds himself using chemicals or adopting methods that were unknown even a few years ago. Unfortunately, although the application of the new discoveries is widely accepted, the life processes which make them effective are little understood by gardeners. They know that plants benefit from chemical fertilisers, but cannot explain how or why. They welcome the new hormone weed killers that are so selective in their action, but have no idea what part they play in the life of a plant. Already the study of day length in relation to growth and flowering is bearing practical results in the shape of chrysanthemums which can be induced to flower at any time of the year and with an almost mechanical regularity, an achievement that is baffling to the layman unless he knows something of the phenomenon known as photoperiodism.

It is to explain how these and many other developments really work that W. O. James, who is Reader in Botany in the University of Oxford besides being a keen amateur gardener, has written *Background to Gardening* (Allen and Unwin, 18s.). To do this he traces briefly, but adequately, the way in which a plant lives, how it gets its food and water, the competition it has to face and the partnerships which help it on its way, and the effect upon it of light, warmth and those mysterious chemicals which we call hormones. All this he manages to do in language which all will be able to understand and with a clarity and humour which make his book a pleasure to read.

An Exacting Apple

In *The Cox's Orange Pippin* (Faber and Faber, 15s.) D. Macer Wright has set himself a far more limited target, but one which must be of interest to all fruit growers because of the well-known difficulty of growing, really well, the best flavoured and most highly esteemed of all apples. The book is intended for amateurs, but is so thorough and workmanlike that professionals will certainly benefit from reading it. Naturally most of the information can be applied equally well to other apples besides Cox's orange pippin. But since Cox's, with its addiction to scab and canker, its intolerance of badly drained soils and its sensitiveness to several of the most popular and efficient fungicides must be regarded as one of the most exacting apples to grow, it follows that when the cultivation of this apple has been mastered there is no other that cannot be undertaken with confidence.

Glass in the Garden

In *Dutch Lights for Growers and Gardeners* (Vinton, 12s. 6d.) A. R. Carter writes primarily for the commercial users of these handy frame lights which can as easily be used for the construction of a light greenhouse as to cover a frame. Mr. Carter is Senior Assistant Lecturer at the Hertfordshire Institute of Agriculture and Horticulture, which has an enviable reputation for efficiency. It was to be expected, therefore, that he would produce an eminently practical work, and this he has done so successfully that his book can be recommended to anyone who is thinking of embarking on this very profitable method of gardening.

It might, however, be well to add the warning, with which, no doubt, Mr. Carter would entirely agree, that theory, however excellent, cannot be a substitute for practical

experience. Anyone who is stimulated by this book to start intensive cultivation on a commercial scale would be well advised to put himself under the practical guidance of an expert for at least a year before launching out on his own.

Winter flowers have the great advantage of lack of competition. It is probable that neither the Christmas rose nor the Algerian iris would win quite such praise as is normally bestowed on them if they flowered at midsummer instead of in mid-winter, but they are delightful flowers nevertheless, and there are others less well known that are equally worth growing. Several writers have been inspired by

size some of the information tends to be scrappy, but there is much useful advice as well and the lists of recommended varieties are almost always admirable.

The Observer's Book of Garden Flowers (Warne, 5s.) is also an addition to a well-known series. These excellent pocket guides are all lavishly illustrated and this latest volume is no exception to the rule. Each page carries a picture and in all 200 plants are described and illustrated. The book has been compiled by Mr. Arthur King from the larger work, *The Book of Garden Flowers*, by G. A. R. Phillips. Many of the illustrations are in colour. A. G. L. H.



GARRYA ELLIPTICA: AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE WINTER GARDEN, REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE

this fascinating subject, the latest being M. J. Jefferson-Brown, who in *The Winter Garden* (Faber, 18s.) gives "winter" a fairly broad definition and adds to the flowers all those delights of stem, leaf and fruit with which the well-instructed gardener maintains colour and interest when other gardens have nothing to show. Mr. Jefferson-Brown is an excellent guide, not over-lavish with praise and duly conscious that a great many of the plants he recommends will need some protection in many gardens, even if it is no more than the protection of a well-placed hedge.

Hardy Bulbs and Perennials, by R. Milton Carleton and Marjorie P. Johnson (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), is the latest addition to the Small Garden Library. Inevitably in a book of this

MEMORIALS IN BRASS

PROBABLY not more than 15 per cent. of the memorial brasses laid down in our churches now remain. Even so it has been estimated that over 8,400 survive, though it is not clear what is the limiting date used in making this calculation. On the Continent there are some magnificent examples, but the memorial brass abroad, commonly of great size and elaborate engraving, seems to have been ordered almost exclusively by the great and the wealthy, whereas in England brasses often commemorate comparatively humble citizens and clergy. In *Church Brasses* (Batsford, 35s.) Dr. A. C. Bouquet ranges over a subject in which he has been keenly interested since he was a boy, and he does not confine himself to this

country; he gives a preliminary list, admittedly incomplete, of examples that have been recorded on the Continent, the great majority of them rectangular plates like the imported examples at St. Mary's, King's Lynn, and a few other places.

Brasses are of interest from many points of view. Costume, heraldry, calligraphy, biographical and social history are only a few of the subjects about which they give valuable information. Dr. Bouquet touches on all these, and, writing, as he says, "for the general educated public" rather than for the specialist, he considers the human side, devoting a long chapter to inscriptions, often pathetic, enigmatical or amusing. As a characteristic instance of British understatement, he cites: "His life one could not discommend." But inscriptions on brasses, considered for their form and content, cannot really be segregated from memorial inscriptions in general and would, perhaps, have been better reserved for an anthology of epitaphs.

In most books on church brasses little is said about incised slabs or indents of lost brasses, to both of which much space is devoted. Dr. Bouquet makes an impassioned plea to church authorities to look after their brasses more carefully and offers some advice. He also refers to some lamentable examples of vandalism and in the other scale is able to set a few cases of recent discoveries and restitutions. C. L.

KEEPING CAGE BIRDS

COMPARED with pre-war times cage birds have achieved a rank of great importance in hobby livestock keeping. There should, therefore, be a welcome for an excellent new work, in four books of rather more than 100 pages each, entitled *Foreign Birds for Cage and Aviary*, by P. M. Soderberg (Cassell, the first at 10s. 6d. and others at 15s. each). Mr. Soderberg tells in the foreword of the first book how, as the son of an enthusiastic keeper of foreign birds, he had his introduction to them in infancy and possessed his first pair of "foreigners" at the age of seven, nearly 50 years ago. His undoubted enthusiasm for them invests the work with maintained interest throughout its 409 pages.

A point that readers will appreciate is the amount of detail Mr. Soderberg has given concerning almost 200 species and varieties. One of his professed aims—that the books will prove as interesting to those who know their foreign birds as to those who, as he says "are hovering on the brink of this fascinating hobby"—should, therefore, be realised. There are perhaps one or two places in the first volume, which is devoted to the care and management of cage birds in general, where a little more information might have been helpful to the beginner; but this is intended primarily as an introduction. The second book deals with waxbills, weavers and whydahs; the third with finches (more than 60 of them), and the fourth with buntings, cardinals, lovebirds and mannikins.

A valuable feature of these books is that, in addition to their being completely authoritative, they are right up to date, and in such matters as the treatment of ailments and the importation of foreign birds the reader is well informed—in particular, on the present position under which birds of the parrot family including lovebirds, may not be imported, because of the risk of introducing psittacosis (parrot disease), which is infectious to man. He explains that present stocks of British-bred lovebirds (not to be confused with budgerigars, although of common origin) will meet present demands, except in one variety, the red-faced, which cannot be induced to breed in captivity.

Each of the books is a complete work, except that the first will be necessary to most readers, as covering the general principles of foreign cage-bird keeping. J. C. H.

CATTLE CHARMS OF THE 19th CENTURY

By THOMAS DAVIDSON

THE recent find of a perforated flint hanging up in the stable at a farm in Ashwell, Hertfordshire, is a reminder that late into the 19th century animal diseases and distempers were still thought of as being due to supernatural causes. The care of cattle occupied, as would be expected, an important place in the everyday life of the small farmer and crofter, for it was largely on the well being of his stock that his prosperity depended. Since the losses from "need years"—that is, food shortages and famine, disease and epidemic outbreaks—must have been considerable, it is not difficult to see how easily the farmer came to be persuaded that there really was some special virtue in the use of charms, spells and amulets as a means of protection and cure for his beasts. The charms are remarkable for variety rather than uniformity and, while it is clearly impossible in an article of this length fully to describe their wide range, some indication of their variety in form and use can be given. For convenience they may be grouped into written charms or spells, natural objects of some rarity or unnatural deformity and objects which by association and usage had been found efficacious.

One charm from the first group prescribes as a cure for diseased cattle the piercing of an ox heart with nine new pins, nine new needles and nine small nails; the heart had to be burned at midnight while two cursing psalm verses were said. This particular charm is interesting because we have a description of the charmer who made it—the wiseman John Wrightson, who lived at Stokesley, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, about 1830. He was the seventh son of a seventh daughter, and it was to this fact that he attributed his power. The measure of his skill, we note, is contained in the last sentence: "Should this fail you need go to no one else as they will nor can not cure your Beast." Fig. 1 shows the front of a charm used in Yorkshire. Drawn on a half sheet of note-paper, it consists of a magic pentacle inscribed within a circle, with some imitations of Hebrew letters, the names of God, the magic word Agla and Biblical quotations. The charm was sealed with three black seals; inserted between them are

hackles from a red cock's neck. It was kept by Jonathan Frankland, "the largest farmer in Danby, Yorks.", to protect him and his cattle against witches. It was found after his death, about 1870, in his standing-desk.

As late as 1916 a magic formula inscribed on paper was used in Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, as a protective amulet against the bewitching of cow's milk. It was given by a "conjurer" to Mr. Thomas Ellis, of Pen-y-garnedd, near Llanfyllin. A similar amulet from Wales (in the Pitt Rivers Museum) consists of a necromantic formula followed by a triangle made up from the magic word Abracadabra, astrological signs, spells, numbers and the names Gabriel and Michael. The amulet was to prevent the milk from turning rancid, and this was done by touching the inside of the churn with it and then holding it over the churn while churning.

The second group consisted mainly of water-rolled pebbles, naturally grooved and perforated stones and flints, rock crystal and oddly shaped stones. A naturally perforated pebble of greenstone was hung up in a byre in Cumbernauld, Dumbartonshire, to protect cattle from witchcraft; for a similar reason a small pebble of green sandstone with two perforations and the name William H. Scott scratched on one face was hung in a cow byre in Dumfriesshire. A dark red heart-shaped pebble from Whalsay, Shetland, and pebbles of mottled serpentine from Ollaberry, Shetland, were used for the same purpose, and also to cure disease and preserve or recover milk to cows. As a protective amulet against the murrain, a rough disc of yellow flint 2½ inches diameter was suspended in a byre at Slains, Aberdeenshire.

As a general rule, where these stones are used as cure amulets as distinct from protective amulets, either they were dipped in water, the water being given as a drench to the cattle, or the affected part of the animal or sometimes the whole animal was rubbed over with the stone.

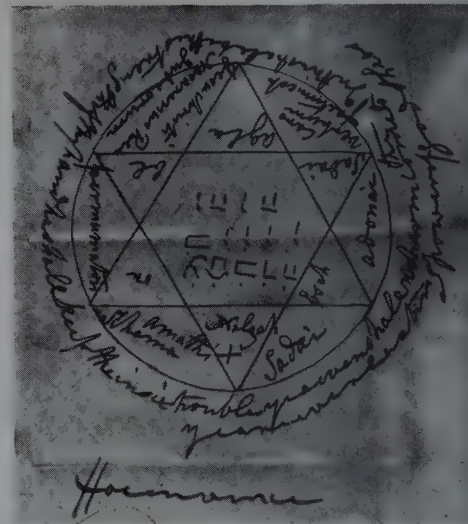
For example, beach-rolled pebbles of clay slate were used in Strathspey to rub down the affected part, and with each rub the Gaelic formula *aon patsheir, dha patsheir*, (one pater, two pater) and so on, according to the virulence of the disease and the number of rubs. To finish the ceremony the "charm doctor" repeated

*Gu maith an diugh, 's
shearr' am maireach;
An deigh sin gun dad
ach 'n larach.*

*(This day well, next
better [far];
After that nought but the
scar.)*

Similarly, but more simply, a curing stone called *Clach Ruaidhe*, or red stone, from Ledaig, near Loch Etive, Argyllshire, was used until the middle of the last century for "rubbing the udders of cows when hardened and inflamed by disease."

The virtue in these charm stones when used in water was dependent upon many varied and diverse conditions being fulfilled as regards how and where the water was obtained. The *Clach-na-Brataich* or stone of the standard—an unmounted ball of rock crystal 1½ inches in diameter—was used in a similar way for "stopping the progress of an unaccountable mortality amongst cattle." On the last occasion it was used, about 1830, it was dipped by the chief of the Clan Donnachaidh of



1.—A CHARM USED IN YORKSHIRE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 19th CENTURY TO PROTECT A FARMER AND HIS CATTLE AGAINST WITCHES. Animal diseases were ascribed to supernatural causes until late into the century

Struan, Perthshire, in a great china bowl filled with water from a "fairy spring," after which the water was distributed to a number of people who had come great distances to obtain it. Some oval water-worn pebbles of quartz formerly kept over the byre door at Cachladhu, Perthshire, were used in water obtained from beneath a bridge over a stream "commonly crossed by the living and the dead." A further condition was that the water was taken from the stream "in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The belief in the virtue of this "dead water," as it was called, persisted up to the beginning of the present century. William McPherson, of Boganore, near Loch Kinnard, was advised to give his ailing stock a drench of it but it had to be collected in a "three girdle cog," in the evening, and in complete silence from a stream over which the living and dead crossed. The use of the water was very much associated with various ceremonies which differed throughout the countryside, but three conditions appear to have been common. It had to be taken from a stream over which the living passed and the dead were carried to the churchyard, it had to be brought in silence, and certain precautions had to be taken in disposing of the water after it had been used. Usually it was returned to the stream from which it was taken.

Variants of course are to be found as, for example, in 1826, at Dalchosnia, in Perthshire, where four pebbles and five old coins were dipped in water which was brought in a "three girded luggie" from a stream adjoining "two lairds' lands and where the living and the dead passed." The stones and coins were dropped into the water, which was stirred round by hand three times. The water was then poured into a bottle and given as a drench to the cattle.

The type of coins used in this example is not recorded, but it is reasonable to suppose that they were made of silver. It was a commonly accepted belief that silver in one form or another was a potent charm against witchcraft and the evil eye. For example, a sixpence of George II (Fig. 2), called a "crossie-croo shilling" by the country people, was used as a protective charm by a farmer's wife in the parish of Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire. It was placed in the milking pail when a cow was milked for the first time after calving, for the purpose of preventing the witches from taking away the cow's milk.

At Lockerby, Dumfriesshire, is preserved a piece of silver called the Lockerby penny which was used against madness in cattle. It was



2.—(Left) BRONZE AXE-HEAD FROM PERTH, IN USE UNTIL 1877 AS A CATTLE CHARM. (Top right) PROTECTIVE AMULET MADE FROM CROSSED ROWAN-TREE TWIGS TIED WITH RED YARN. (Bottom right) SIXPENCE OF GEORGE II, USED AS A CHARM TO PREVENT WITCHES FROM TAKING AWAY A COW'S MILK AFTER CALVING

put in a cleft stick, and a well was stirred round with it, after which the water was bottled and given to any animal affected. A few years ago on a Northumbrian farm, "a dog bit an ass, and the ass bit a cow; the penny was sent for, and a deposit of 50 pounds actually left till it was restored." The dog was shot, the cuddy died, but the cow was saved through the "miraculous virtue" of the charm. On the death of a man who thus borrowed the penny, several bottles of water were found among his effects, stored in a cupboard, and labelled "Lockerby water."

In the third group we find the greatest variety and use. Prehistoric weapons, flint arrow heads, manufactured articles in wood, wool, stone and metals were all applied indiscriminately for the protection against witchcraft, loss of milk by bewitchment and the cure of diseases and distempers.

A group of amulets called snake-stones or adder-stones are of particular interest, because of the beliefs commonly associated with their manufacture. They are merely the ordinary stone whorls formerly used in spinning with the distaff and spindle, but it was believed

muttering and knot-tying were repeated twice. Starting at one of a cow's horns she rubbed it down with a circular motion all over, till she came to the other horn; she then tied the three knots one after another to the cow's tail.

When the cow showed signs of recovery the first knot was removed and burned. The same performance was carried out with the second knot, but the third knot was allowed to remain on the cow's tail.

Simple protective amulets were made from twigs of rowan-tree usually in the form of crosses or loops. The efficacy of the amulet was enhanced by the combined use of red thread or yarn and the sacred form of the cross. Fig. 2 shows a typical example from England. Such amulets were placed across the threshold of the cow byre, or on the cow's horns or tied with red thread in the hair of the cow's tail.

The belief in the supposed influence of the fertility or corn spirit of the harvest, contained in the last handful of corn left standing in the field, on the welfare and fertility of animals is well evidenced by the clyack or corn dolly reproduced in Fig. 4. The specimen shown, made in 1893 from the last sheaf of oats cut at the harvest and ornamented with a piece of wallpaper and ribbons, was hung in the farmhouse of Tomnavey, Glenairn, west of Aberdeen. Normally these dollies were hung up till Hallow-e'en (October 31), after which they were distributed among the calves, which then became "stirks." Two examples are also shown from Gloucestershire. The first (Fig. 5) is from Tewkesbury, and is made of wheat, oats and barley straw. The body of the dolly is made of straw from which the flags have been stripped and the ears of corn hang from the centre of the main spiral and the four small spirals. A particularly interesting variant shown in Fig. 6 is the wooden (chestnut) puppet, which took the place of the corn dolly in the village of Tirley.

Here, of course, the corn puppet was kept safely in the farm-house or byre from one harvest to the next, thus retaining from year to year the fertility inherent in the puppet.

Prehistoric weapons such as flint arrow-heads, and Neolithic and Bronze Age axes, were thought to possess supernatural powers. The shape, material and comparative rarity of these attracted attention, and from ignorance of their real origin and use they were explained away as thunderbolts. In Port Glencoe and Ballymena, Ireland, flint arrow-heads and Neolithic celts were, as recently as 1899, boiled in drinking water for cattle to cure "grup," and a Neolithic axe was used by a "cow doctor" of Armory, County Antrim, about 1893. In addition to boiling the implement in the food that was to be given to the cow, the doctor required a loaf of bread at 6d. and a half pint of whisky for himself. After administering the prepared drink to the cow,



3.—TWO SNAKE-STONES OR ADDER-STONES FROM LEWIS. These are the stone whorls used in spinning with the distaff; they were used as amulets for snake-bitten cattle

he marched round and round the diseased animal eating the bread and drinking the whisky, and repeating aloud: "A'll hae mii bite an' a'll hae me sup, an' a'll cure the coo wi' the rotten grup." A bronze axe (Fig. 2) found in Perth was in use until 1877 as a cattle charm. It was kept hung up in the cow byre of a farmer who believed it possessed the power to make his cows yield well.

Finally, from Wellington came an amulet made of stags (cocks) feathers, called a "witch ladder." This was found in the attic of the house of an old woman reputed to be a witch, and was used by her to abstract the milk from her neighbours' cows.

We have passed in review a representative selection of cattle charms employed in averting and curing disease. When cattle were threatened with a pestilential disorder, it was natural for the credulous farmer or crofter who despaired of a cure from regular diagnosis to resort to supernatural means. The amulet was suspended over the byre, tied to the cow's tail or dipped in its drinking water; and the recovery of one beast under those conditions would count more in establishing the efficacy of the charm than any number of deaths could count against it.

Illustrations: 1 and 4, Pitt Rivers Museum, Oxford; 2 and 3, National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh; 5 and 6, City and Folk Museum, Gloucester.

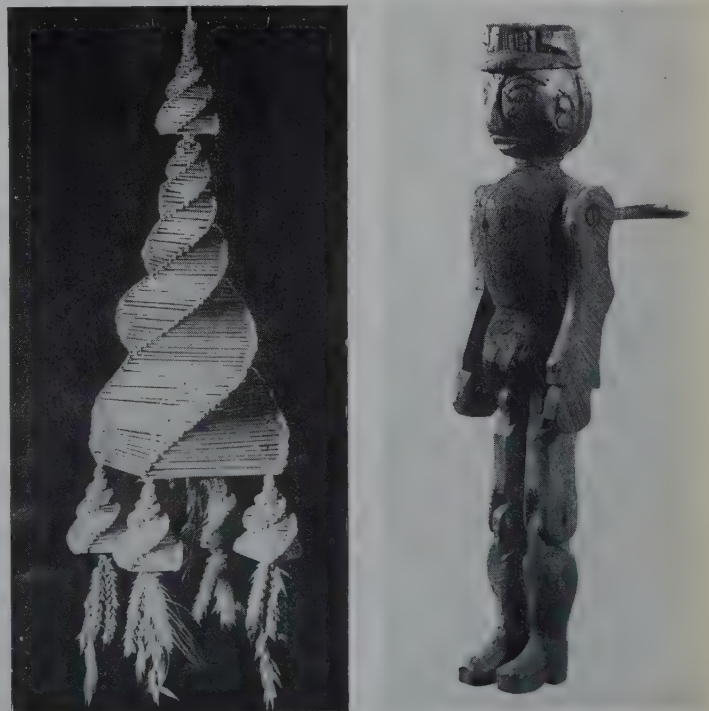


4.—CLYACK OR CORN DOLLY, MADE FROM THE LAST SHEAF OF OATS AT A FARM NEAR ABERDEEN IN 1893. After Hallow-e'en these dollies were distributed among the calves

"that about mid summer Eve (tho' in the time they do not agree) 'tis usual for snakes to meet in companies, and that by joining heads together, and hissing, a kind of Bubble is form'd like a ring about the head of one of them, which the rest by continual hissing blow on till it comes off at the tail, and then it immediately hardens and resembles a glass ring." Two of these from Lewis, Scotland, are illustrated (Fig. 3). They were used as amulets for the cure of snake-bitten cattle. The stones were dipped or boiled in water and the affected part of the animal was washed or the animal was given the water to drink.

Strings tied in knots were used as charms in Ireland about 1882, to find out whether diseased cattle would recover. Called "worm-knots", in Irish, *snaidm na peiste*, that is, loose knots of a special type, they were held in front of and parallel with the beast. The ends were pulled, and if the knot came undone, which it ought to do theoretically, the beast would recover; but if the knot jammed, the beast would die.

In Harris a charm somewhat similar in intent although of much greater complexity employed red three-ply yarn. The "animal doctor" procured a ball of red three-ply yarn and wound it round her thumb and the middle finger of her right hand. Taking the yarn off her hand she tied a knot in it; the knot was put to her lips and an incantation was muttered with it in that position. This winding,



5.—DOLLY FROM TEWKESBURY, MADE OF WHEAT, OATS AND BARLEY STRAW. (Right) 6.—PUPPET OF CHESTNUT WOOD FROM THE VILLAGE OF TIRLEY. Such puppets were kept from one harvest to the next

ODDS AND ENDS FROM SANDWICH

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

SANDWICH, whence I have just returned, is a great course for meandering down little winding secret paths among the hills, and so it is, perhaps, that I feel inclined to meander this week (especially as my account of this year's University match, which should have appeared a week ago, was unaccountably delayed in the post) between two or three subjects which Sandwich and the match suggest. Looking back to my own last match there 60 years ago, I wondered whether in one respect we did not suffer greater tortures than our successors, in that we reckoned not by matches but by holes, and our liability was unlimited. I remember so well how our hopes rose and fell. I had finished my own match with an undeservedly large number of holes in the bag, only to have that pleasing amount lost by our next two players, on whom I had firmly relied. That was desperate, but despair was turned to joy by our fourth man—six up! How glorious, and the next two produced scores that would neither make us nor break us, but there came terrible rumours from the far-off battle: an infant phenomenon of Oxford had holed the first ten holes in 40—very, very good with a gutty ball—and was six up. Not only was all our lead wiped out, but how many more holes might he not accumulate in the last eight? That was unlimited liability with a vengeance, and then—O heavenly and beautiful circumstance which the reader cannot possibly have guessed!—there on the last tee we saw the infant phenomenon and now he was not ten up, nor nine up nor even six up; he was only three up and we were safe in our haven.

* * *

That reckoning by holes instead of matches did make for terrifically fluctuating excitement, and I have often regretted the change to counting by matches; but I think now, very late in the day, I am converted. I never thought much of the argument that one unfortunate person might lose his side the match; it was the side's fault for choosing him and moreover his conqueror has sometimes played murderously well and deserved a rich reward. Still less was I convinced by those who said that a player who did not know how his fellows stood did not know whether to make

sure of his match or go out for a great score in holes. People do not in fact play on those principles, or not often: they just try as hard as they can to win.

No, what has convinced me is just Christian charity. It is too harrowing to think of someone losing a vast number of holes, running into double figures perhaps, with sorrowing sisters and cousins and aunts gazing tearfully at them. There was some cruelly high scoring in point of holes in this last match, but one could gloat more or less freely over it, if it was to one's own side's advantage, since it meant only a single point. But if 12 possible holes had to be added to the other side's total the losers might well desire, like Mr. Winkle, to bury their heads in the sofa cushions and groan dismally. So on the whole, though I admit it is a weakness, I am rather glad that the old barbarous method is no more.

* * *

Another point on which I have been wondering is why some sides cannot or do not play foursomes as well as they ought. In the last two University matches Oxford with as nearly as maybe the same side—they had eight old Blues this year—have lost the foursomes by three points to two, and then risen in their might in the singles to win eight out of the ten matches. That is surely odd and, moreover, it only bore out the experience of the trial matches, in which Oxford seldom did themselves full justice in the foursomes. Nobody knows why it is and the team and its supporters just accept it as a fact. The players are palpably the best of friends and full of the quality, so admirable in itself though so tiresome in name, of team spirit. Why don't they play nearly so well together as they do singly? I do not profess to give any reason whatever, except that some people are better foursome-players than others. It does not always depend on a man's liking that form of golf. One of the very best foursome players I ever saw was the late R. H. de Montmorency. His golf had the extreme accuracy that gave so much confidence to his partner and he was perfectly even-tempered and encouraging. Yet he hated foursomes and never wanted to play them if he could hit his own ball.

One of the Oxford side suggested a reason to me. He said that chipping and putting were intensely valuable in a foursome and that they did not get enough of it at Southfield. That seemed to me a rather mysterious statement. There must always be putting, and I should have thought there must always be chipping too, as long as the human animal does not put all his long approaches on the green. I certainly do think, though my Oxford friend did not say so, that Worlington is a better school of chipping and putting than is Southfield; but then I did not observe Oxford failing in this respect in the singles. Far from it: their short game seemed admirable, as indeed was their whole game. It is "just one of those things," and I am left wondering.

I sometimes think there is a certain amount of nonsense talked about the qualities of a great foursome player. The Americans, who never play foursomes at home, have done relatively even better in the foursomes than they have in the singles of the Walker Cup match. They do not appear to consult much but each partner approaches his shot as an individual problem, and after all we come back to the fact that "the ball maun be hit."

* * *

Finally, may I pay a respectful tribute to the throng of parents and relatives of whom I wrote, perhaps rather heartlessly, a little while ago. They appeared to conduct themselves with a self-restraint which I should find it hard to imitate.

One mother of my acquaintance did not look at her son even when he was dormy six. That was indeed making sure; she might have seen at least the final putt. And, by the way, I had the honour of being introduced to far the youngest sister that I have seen on these occasions. She was a small and charming person in a yellow jersey, tartan trews, if that be the right description, and a mop of golden hair. I am not sure that she took any vital interest in the proceedings, but she restrained her skipping and behaved with the most admirable decorum. She would have had great excuse for breaking out, for her brother covered himself with glory. No skipping would have been excessive.

PROTECTING COATS-OF-ARMS

By W. J. WESTON

REST yourself for a pleasant while at the Richmond Arms. The inn sign, like many others in this land, is the heraldic device that long ago a knight adopted so that he might be known in tournament or battle. The inn-keeper, by his display of the device, paid deference to the lord in whose demesne the inn lay. Like other property bearing the device the inn, too, very likely was the lord's.

Nowadays these heraldic devices—armorial bearings registered in the College of Arms—are ready-made embellishments for things sold in shops. Badges of honour have become merchandise. In every university town, every holiday resort, are tea-pots and tobacco-jars, toys and trinkets, bearing the arms of a noble, gracious house or of a stately college. And none complains, though the adornment of the souvenirs is neither expressly nor tacitly sanctioned. For no great harm results to the owner of the usurped arms.

* * *

In fact, there is no such property in arms as there is in trade marks; if there were, the ordinary courts would protect them against presumptuous appropriation. The arms were, and are, distinctive designs to identify the bearer; and they serve to identify his belongings, too, as does the book-mark you devise to be some guard against the dispersion of your library, or as the brand upon the herdman's cattle.

Suppose, though, for a reason not frivolous,

the registered bearer of the arms resents an unauthorised use. The arms are being used in a manner derogatory to his dignity. The Council of Scottish Chiefs recently, for instance, issued a warning to the exploiters—greatly presuming, greatly daring, too—of coats-of-arms for commercial purposes. What Court would take cognisance of a complaint? In England it is the Court of Chivalry. After a sleep since 1737 this Court was in 1955 awakened by the Manchester Corporation's complaint that the Manchester Palace of Varieties, Ltd., had adopted as its seal the city arms, thereby identifying itself with the corporation. Then it was that we saw the brave array of Officers of Arms—the Heralds, Chester, York, Somerset, and Lancaster, the Pursuivants, Bluemantle and Rouge Dragon—in their garb of office, attendant on the Lord Chief Justice presiding as Surrogate for the Earl Marshal. Then we heard the long silent word "porrected," with its menacing growl, as the Lord Chief pronounced, though not "with outstretched arms," that this presumptuous usurpation must not continue.

Maybe that will be the last sitting of the ancient Court. For the Lord Chief Justice said: "If this Court is to sit again, it should be convened only where there is some really substantial reason for the exercise of its jurisdiction. Moreover, should there be any indication of a considerable desire to institute proceedings now that this Court has been revived, I am firmly of opinion that it should be put upon a statutory

basis, defining its jurisdiction and the sanctions it can impose."

Beyond the Border, though, the Court of the Lord Lyon, its parallel, is ever awake, ever alert to decide questions of arms; to each volume of Scottish Law Reports is a supplement of cases in the Lyon's Court. "Our Lyon King of Arms in that part of Our Kingdom of Great Britain called Scotland" is, in some ways, analogous to Garter King of Arms in England. But Garter is under control of the Earl Marshal; Lyon is an immediate fief of the Crown. His Court is an ancient judicature from which appeal lies through the Court of Session to the House of Lords. There he exercises complete control over all arms: a statute of 1592 gives Lyon and his "brither heraldis" power to "visit" the arms of all entitled to bear them, to "difference" them and to register them, and to prohibit all common people "nocht worthie" from bearing "ony signes armorizles."

* * *

A terror Lyon was in early days, his findings not to be flouted. For he could "poind," could take a culprit's goods to satisfy the fines he imposed; he could imprison; and, for the master presumption of usurping the King's arms, he had the power of "horning"—could cause the hunting horn to be sounded in token that he had decreed a usurper to be an outlaw against whom any man might raise his hand. Less to be dreaded now he yet may enforce his decrees. In 1927 the Government endorsed

Lyon's proceedings to erase the unwarrantable arms of sundry burghs and county councils. These upstarts, births of yesterday, had assumed as their arms ancient marks of dignity to which another was alone entitled. The warning by the Council is no empty threat.

The jurisdiction of Lyon over armorial bearings extends to their use on goods for sale; though, as he himself declared, "Armoial bearings and trade marks are distinct, and confusion between them is to be deprecated." Still, there is no reason why a man should not have his arms on his own products. A judgement in

1948 extends this to a private company controlled by the bearer: "The application arises out of Mr. Rintoul's desiring to use a coat-of-arms in connection with a private firm of wine and spirit merchants which he controls.

"It is not the policy of his Majesty's Kings of Arms to grant the ensigns of nobility to traders for purposes of commerce. But, when a person is possessed of a coat-of-arms, there is nothing to prevent such noble from using his arms in connection with his wares or estate products; e.g. those of Prince Windischgraetz and various foreign nobles are well known on

wine-bottle labels. It is a perfectly legitimate use of arms by those who lawfully possess the arms.

"Mr. Rintoul, a retired farmer of an old agricultural family, whose mother is a laird's daughter, has proved himself fit to be so enrolled, and has been granted a coat-of-arms. He is accordingly entitled to use his arms on his own wine products . . . I will not operate such a procedure in relation to a public company or a company not in the petitioner's control, as that would be putting the arms to a commercial purpose completely distinct from the affairs of the noble himself."

CORRESPONDENCE

HOLLIES BEARING BERRIES

SIR,—The mild weather this year seems to have stimulated growth in most types of vegetation. However, I was very surprised, while travelling around Shropshire, to see two holly trees thick with red berries. Does the holly tree often bear fruit twice in the same year?—D. E. DYAS, *Prestbury, Port Hill, Shrewsbury*.

[We also have recently seen holly trees, and cotoneasters, bearing berries. These are not, in our opinion, a second crop, but the first crop, which, owing to the mild weather, has not been eaten by birds or fallen of its own accord.—ED.]

west into the Dingle Peninsula of Co. Kerry, one may see a variation of this method practised by a man going on to the roof of the cottage and dropping a rope down the chimney to another man on the hearth. A chicken is then tied by its legs; as the chicken is hauled up the chimney the natural flapping of its wings removes the soot very effectively. While this practice is much to be deprecated, it is without doubt the most practical way yet conceived of doing the job successfully!

The use of a blackthorn or holly bush is well known and is still widely used in Co. Kerry.—T. L. WOODWARD, 14, *Watsons-walk, St. Albans, Hertfordshire*.

DEATH DUTIES EXEMPTION

SIR,—We refer to your editorial note, published last week, on the question of death duties on works of art. While we appreciate your concern as to the effect of death duties at present levels on private art collections and objects of national importance, we should say, as solicitors for the executors of the late Lord Allendale, that your note is incorrect in suggesting that the Revenue is attempting to exact payment on the full valuation of his art collection. The Revenue appears to be dealing with this case in the normal manner, and we have reason to believe that exemption will be allowed in the usual way.—DEES AND THOMPSON, 40, *Grey-street, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1*.

[We are glad to hear it.—ED.]

FOR WHIPPING PRISONERS

SIR,—I was interested to see the photograph of an iron flail sent to you by Mr. J. A. Keillor from the U.S.A. (March 21).

Over fifty years ago I commanded H.M.S. *Robin*, a gunboat on the Si Kiang (West River) in China. At Sam Shui I made friends with the Chinese magistrate and he took me over his prison. The jailor in charge had an iron whip exactly like that shown in your photograph. While I was in the prison yard I did see the jailer use it on a prisoner. I got my Chinese boy to buy me one. It is a heavy whip and requires some skill to use it in the right way.—CHARLES W. J. HOWARD (Cmdr. R.N., Retd.), *The Old House East, Lyme Regis, Dorset*.

STABLING FOR CHURCHGOERS

SIR,—The illustration of a cart-shed in *Correspondence* of February 14 reminded me of our open church sheds, which may be peculiar to America. These light wooden sheds were once present in every country churchyard of the eastern United States for the



19th-CENTURY SHED IN A CHURCHYARD AT LITTLE COMPTON, RHODE ISLAND, U.S.A., FORMERLY USED FOR SHELTERING THE CONGREGATION'S HORSES AND VEHICLES

See letter : *Stabling for Churchgoers*

shelter of horses or vehicles of churchgoers. Most of them date from the middle of the 19th century, although I believe a few were known in our colonial period. Probably the use of vehicles was not common enough in the early days of settlement to call for such shelters, but by the 19th century horse-drawn vehicles were numerous. As the parson's sermon was still generally of several hours' length, as in Puritan days, it can be seen that some protection was thought necessary for the carriages of the time.

The shed illustrated once had wood shingle roofs, now replaced with asphalt paper. It is never used, and there seems to be no interest in its preservation. It belongs to a Baptist church organised in 1700, although the present building of granite was built in 1840, when the shed was probably erected. The church is known as Stone Church, which perhaps points out the rarity of stone as a building material in this part of the United States, where timber structures have always been, and still

are, standard. This is not due to any lack of stone, for our stone walls are so common that old farms may have many fields of only a few acres each surrounded by dry-stone walls.—CARLTON C. BROWNELL, *Little Compton, Rhode Island, U.S.A.*

THE ART OF THE SAILING SHIP

SIR,—With reference to the article *Traditional Art of the Sailing Ship* (COUNTRY LIFE, March 21), during the long hot dinner-hours in the tropics, or in the dog-watches at sea, the sailors in the old sailing-ships were fond of making (among many other original and ingenious articles) wool pictures. Great attention, as can be guessed, was paid to the true rendering of sails and rigging, but owing to lack of skill in drawing the whole thing is often out of proportion. The picture shown in my photograph is of H.M. frigate *Pique*, 36 guns, and was bought in Portsmouth, in Queen-street, many years ago for a shilling. It was filthy, but careful washing



CLEMATIS GROWING WHERE ITS ROOTS ARE FREQUENTLY WATERED BY A BATH-ROOM OVERFLOW

See letter : *A Gardening Fallacy Exposed*

A GARDENING FALLACY EXPOSED

SIR,—Michael Haworth-Booth's contention (March 14) that drip can be the secret of success for plants, and not cause, as is often believed, the early death of the recipient, is well borne out by the example of clematis Nellie Moser, of which I send you a photograph.

I planted this where the warm soapy water from the bathroom above overflowed on to the roots. I got as far as counting 200 blooms before giving it up.—DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS, *Elder Farm, Grimston, King's Lynn, Norfolk*.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPING WITH A CHICKEN

SIR,—In *A Countrywoman's Notes* last week Eiluned Lewis made reference to the method of chimney-sweeping in Co. Clare, in Ireland. If one goes farther



WOOL PICTURE OF THE FRIGATE PIQUE, WORKED BY A SAILOR ABOUT 1830

See letter : *The Art of the Sailing Ship*



ROLVENDEN WINDMILL, NEAR TENTERDEN, KENT, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN RESTORED

See letter: *A Kent Windmill Restored*

soon put that right, and now it looks well in its frame.

The picture is embroidered in coloured wools on a piece of No. 8 canvas. The hull is black with a broad white band where the gun-ports come; the bottom colour is red. She is a full-rigged ship carrying "all plain sail," which means all but her stun-sails (studding sails); she is flying the red ensign from the peak,

home across the Atlantic without her rudder. The following year she was probably paid off at Portsmouth, but I cannot check this.—M. LITTLEDALE, *Southbourne, Bournemouth.*

A KENT WINDMILL RESTORED

SIR,—Rolvenden Windmill, standing on one of the highest mounds in the district and a well-known landmark on

carried out by a builder at Tenterden and a Lincolnshire millwright was the adviser. The large sweeps, which nearly touch the ground, were made in Lincolnshire.—L. J. G. ELPICK, 17, *Craythorne-road, Tenterden, Kent.*

DATED CHURCHYARD TREES

SIR,—In the churchyard at Clyst St. George, a few miles east of Exeter, is a wellingtonia which, perhaps, deserves a note and is shown in the accompanying photograph. It boasts a small label: "This tree (*Wellingtonia Gigantea*) was planted here by Charles Thomas Longley, D.D. Archbishop of Canterbury, 3rd Oct. 1863." Though the height and girth (16 ft.) are not exceptional, it is worth remarking that the tree has had no special shelter, or the encouragement of near competition. The date of planting was just ten years after the first introduction of the species.

This churchyard contains another dated tree, just visible in the photograph, and partly masking the tower. Here the label reads: "This cedar was planted by W. Gibbs, Esq. Feb. 14, 1863. It was raised from seed brought from Mount Lebanon by the Rev. J. L. Gibbs 1858." The girth is about 13 feet.

The tower at Clyst St. George is mediæval, but the rest of the church is modern. Great destruction was done on August 31, 1940, by an incendiary bomb. Incidentally, this was the first English church to suffer seriously in the second World War—BYWAYMAN, *Somerset.*

LONG-ROOTED PLANT

SIR,—Recently, when I was taking out various weeds from the lawn before cutting it, I came across a cat's ear (*Hypochaeris radicata*) that had a root 40 ins. long. Has any of your readers ever seen one with a longer root?—E. BARBER (Mrs.), *Copythorne, Keyhaven-road, Milford-on-Sea, Hampshire.*

FOR LOVE OR MONEY?

SIR,—Your answer to a query about copper tokens (March 14) raises an interesting question which had not occurred to me before. It is well known that owing to the frequent shortages of coinage many tradesmen produced their own "coppers," which presumably could be taken and given only at their own shops. In this case the value is stated at a penny or other

small figure. But in those you illustrate, from Australia and New Zealand, it seems much more likely that, since no value is stated, they were, as you say, purely for advertisement, though a curious and perhaps expensive kind. I have one, presumably from Nottingham, which is a copy of a spade guinea, with the name of a firm of cheese stores in Clumber-street and Pelham-street. The reverse bears the head of the king and the date 1770.

The rubbed down coins re-engraved as love tokens are a different kind of thing: they were probably given not lightly but like the Welsh love spoons, with serious intent, to a lady by her lover. This is something more important than a mere fairing;



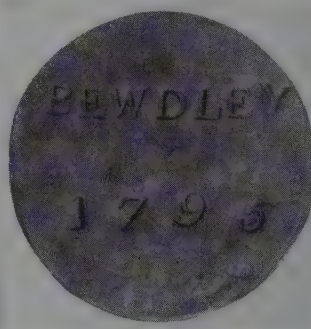
WELLINGTONIA, PLANTED IN 1863, IN CLYST ST. GEORGE CHURCHYARD, DEVON

See letter: *Dated Churchyard Trees*

indeed, the labour of producing them must have been considerable. I enclose photographs of what seems to be one of these, though no message or decoration appears; it is a rubbed down halfpenny with merely the name of the donor and, on the other side, that of his home town. Might this be half way between the two ideas?—J. I., *Worcester.*

IN THE WOOLHOPE HILLS

SIR,—May I add a few notes to the article on the Woolhope country (March 21)? I send you a photograph of Serpent Lane, down which the Mordiford dragon is said to have come to drink in the Lugg. It is a very deep and narrow lane, probably



THE OBERSE AND REVERSE OF A RUBBED-DOWN AND RE-ENGRAVED HALFPENNY, DATED 1795

See letter: *For Love or Money?*

with a long paying-off pennant, which has a white cross in the head, from the mainmast head. Being under sail, she flies no Jack, which is carried on the bowsprit end when at anchor only.

In 1835 Captain the Hon. Henry J. Rous (the second son of Lord Stradbroke) was appointed Captain of the *Pique*. She ran aground on the coast of Labrador, and he sailed her

the Kent-Sussex border, has now been restored. The original mill, one of the oldest in the county, gradually fell into decay and the sweeps went one by one until the arms had to be removed for safety. It has recently been rebuilt to its original form as a memorial to the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Barham, formerly of Rolvenden. The work of restoration has been



SERPENT LANE, IN THE WOOLHOPE HILLS, HEREFORDSHIRE, DOWN WHICH THE MORDIFORD DRAGON IS SAID TO HAVE COME TO DRINK IN THE RIVER LUGG. (Right) BACKBURY HILL, CROWNED BY ETHELBERT'S CAMP

See letter: *In the Woolhope Hills*

pre-historic, which comes from the direction of Woolhope, past Littlehope, towards the Lugg just above its junction with the Wye. When I first lived in the district, nearly thirty years ago, a family living in a remote cottage in the woods between Woolhope and Checkley told me that the slayer of the dragon was their ancestor, and, indeed, land was owned in Mordiford some 600 years ago or more by people of their name. The strange thing is that a friend of mine of the same name in Westmorland also had the dragon legend in her family; and when she came to stay, she and the old lady in the woods were delighted to exchange dragon stories! What can have been the origin of the legend?

The highest point in the hills is Backbury Hill, crowned by Ethelbert's Camp, a fine Iron Age hill fort, named from another local legend after the prince so foully murdered by Offa of Mercia at Sutton Walls, the great Iron Age camp six miles to the north-

the other side of my wall. Scarcely a day goes by without my finding golf balls dropped by the rooks farther from the course than could possibly be the case if they had been mis-hit by the players. The green-keeper, to whom I mentioned this matter, agrees that the rooks are the culprits; he has frequently seen a rook drop a ball, but he has not yet seen a bird take one off the ground.

All of us who played golf in India during our soldiering days there remember the elaborate precautions necessary to prevent the local crows stealing golf balls. On the Fort Course at Madras the small boys who were employed as fore-caddies were each provided with a little tin to cover the ball after a long drive until the player approached.

I find golf balls which are past use for play are very efficient as nesting eggs for my hens and I make use of some of the rooks' contributions in this manner.—D. DARROCH (Lt.-Col.), *Swanston Cottage, Edinburgh, 10.*

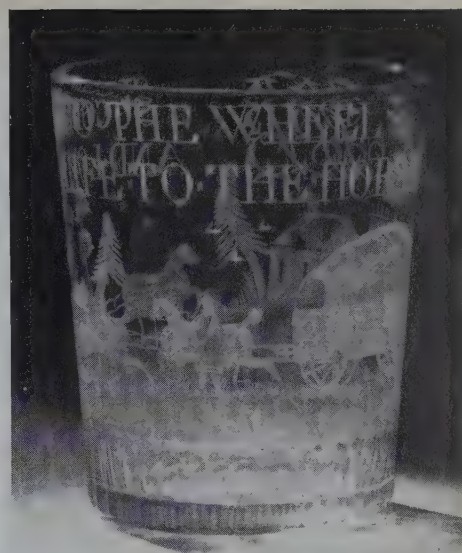
I was not sure of the label *Prunus cerasifera*, and a surprising number of books are not sure of the word myrobalan. But Dr. H. V. Taylor in *The Plums of England* gives the species more than a page and a half. And Bean inevitably has it, but unfortunately the word myrobalan escaped the indexer. Then I found it in another book, *Hedges for Farm and Garden*, by J. L. Beddall; but it is quite fair to *Prunus cerasifera* that it should (apparently) be chiefly appreciated in a book on hedges? It was pleasant to find that Mr. Raymond Bush gives it a pat on the back for its fruit.

The myrobalan seems to have originated (like many other fruits) in Caucasian regions. The omissions and deprecatory sniffs about these early roundish plums reminded me that I once, during the war, picked fruit from a hedge near Oxford in July and found it made excellent pies. But no similar opportunity has occurred since. Is it really only a "hard times" food? Or do the small plums come only in very kind or lucky years? And why has not the type of *P. cerasifera* been used more? Everywhere the purplish and highly artificial Pissardi variety seems to have triumphed.—J. D. U. WARD, *Rodhuish, Watchet, Somerset.*

SUCCESS TO THE WHEELS

SIR,—The illustration of John Catchpole's tombstone at Palgrave, Suffolk, shown in *COUNTRY LIFE* of March 7, depicts a vehicle also engraved upon a tumbler in my possession. This is drawn by a four-horse team, with the wagoner walking beside it. On the reverse is a farm-house, to which the road leads. Fir trees shield the house from the wind and a flight of birds completes the scene. The inscription reads: "Success to the wheels, and long life to the horses."

There is a monogram—regrettably not Catchpole's—J.P.B. The tumbler stands 4½ ins. high and is of substantial build and of dark metal. It is the first vessel so engraved that I have seen and was made during the latter part of the 18th century. It came from a house in Dunmow, Essex.—HOWARD PHILLIPS, *Marybone-lane, W.1.*



TUMBLER ENGRAVED WITH A WAGON, WAGONER, FOUR-HORSE TEAM AND A FARM-HOUSE

See letter: *Success to the Wheels*

HISTORY IN RHYME

SIR,—I was interested in a letter in your issue of March 7 entitled *History in Rhyme*. I rather think *A Child's History of England in Rhyme* was written by my uncle, John Mollett, *Officier de l'Instruction Publique* (France), who was an incurable dilettante and theorist, and the author of a book on Sir David Wilkie, published in 1881. When the rhymes were read to me I was too old to be interested in them, except as a joke, and cannot remember enough to quote.—JESSIE B. MOLLETT, *Fair Cross Cottage, Appledore, Ashford, Kent.*

THE DECKER CHILDREN

From Lord Herbert

SIR,—In *Collectors' Questions* of March 14 was reproduced a painting of the four children of Sir Matthew Decker, but the editorial note is partially incorrect. Sir Matthew had not four daughters but three daughters and one son, who died and was buried at Richmond on March 25, 1717. The daughters were: first, Catherine, married Richard, 6th Viscount Fitzwilliam (from whom we are descended, as their daughter Mary married the 9th Lord Pembroke); second, Henrietta Maria, who married John Talbot in 1737; and third, Mary, who married William Crofts, of Saxham, in 1738.—HERBERT, *Wilton, Salisbury, Wiltshire.*



AN OLD AVENUE OF MYROBALANS NEAR HESTERCOMBE, SOMERSET

See letter: *Myrobalan Questions*

west, recently excavated by Dr. Kenyon. Though no trace was found of Saxon occupation, the local people will always believe that this was the scene of Ethelbert's murder. As he became the patron saint of Hereford cathedral, it seems probable that it was in the neighbourhood, but the Saxons did not occupy the hill forts. Finds of Roman pottery at many points round the hills, however, show that they did follow the British people there.—M. WIGHT, *Hereford.*

ROBERT RAIKES'S SUNDAY SCHOOLS

SIR,—Gloucester is about to lose two of its historic buildings as a result of town planning developments. They are the houses, shown in the accompanying photographs, where Robert Raikes started the Sunday school movement in this country nearly 180 years ago. The house in St Catherine-street, which was used as a boys' school, is already in course of demolition; and the girls' school, on the corner of Park-street, will shortly meet a similar fate. The latter is a particularly attractive, timbered building and it is a great pity it has to go.—R. DIXON, 18, *Kingsholm-square, Gloucester.*

CROWS CARRYING OFF GOLF BALLS

SIR,—In continuation of the correspondence on the subject of crows carrying off golf balls, there is a small paddock in the policies of this house where a few pairs of rooks build among some high elms and beech trees; these birds carry off golf balls from the golf-course, which is on

MYROBALAN QUESTIONS

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of a roadside avenue, now perhaps slightly over-aged, of myrobalan or cherry-plums, at the foot of the Quantocks near Hestercombe, three miles from Taunton, which has provoked one or two questions. The myrobalan is well-known for its early white blossom, but an attempt to look up the species in books brought unexpected difficulties.



HOUSES IN GLOUCESTER WHERE ROBERT RAIKES STARTED SUNDAY SCHOOLS NEARLY 180 YEARS AGO. They are being demolished

See letter: *Robert Raikes's Sunday Schools*

A VICTORIAN AMATEUR ARTIST

PAINTINGS BY LADY WATERFORD

By HUGH HONOUR

ONE calm August day in 1890 a fragile and somewhat dowdily dressed old lady might have been seen on board the Royal yacht *Elfin* as it sailed from the mainland to the Isle of Wight. Clutching a large portfolio, she was ensconced, with the natural dignity of a *grande dame* of the old school, between two bulky mail-bags containing letters for the Queen. She was Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, and she had been summoned to Osborne as the Queen desired to inspect her drawings. After dinner that night she sat on a sofa beside the Queen, who, to her intense embarrassment, insisted on having the drawings brought in immediately and shown to the assembled family circle of Battenbergs and Connaughts.

"It was dreadful," said Lady Waterford, "for you know how a big portfolio slides off the table, and the Queen looked at them all so closely, and I was afraid the portfolio would slip and catch hold of her nose, and then I should have been sent to the Tower or something. There was one of the drawings she liked so much that I gave it to her. It was of Time with a scythe over his shoulder" (Fig. 5). In return the Queen gave her a "splendid print of herself" and photographs of the "three Battenberg children—dear little things."

Queen Victoria and Lady Waterford had much in common; they were nearly the same age, they had both been bereft of the best of husbands and they were both amateur artists who had received encouragement from Sir Edwin Landseer. Indeed, with the exception of the Queen herself, Lady Waterford was probably the best known lady amateur in England.

Louisa Anne, the second daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Stuart, was born on April 14, 1818, in Paris, where her father was British Ambassador. Both she and her sister Charlotte early developed a passion for painting and began their artistic careers by making crayon copies of French pictures; later they had lessons in landscape from a Mr. Page. It has been said that by the age of ten Louisa had attained so prodigious an ability that she was able to copy a Reynolds portrait with fidelity. In 1828 her father was created Baron Stuart de Rothesay and three years later he relinquished his post in Paris to settle in England at Highcliffe Castle on the Hampshire coast. This was a modest and early-19th-century Gothic house which he proceeded to enlarge and adorn by incorporating into it the entire fabric—sculpture, traceried stone-work and even an oriel window—of the



1.—PORTRAIT OF LADY WATERFORD BY SIR FRANCIS GRANT. In the National Portrait Gallery

mayor's house from the Norman village of Les Andelys. He then filled it with French Empire furniture, tapestries and carpets from the Parisian *hôtel* of Marshal Ney. It is not known what his artistic daughters thought of his taste in interior decoration, but they must have approved of his next architectural venture, the village church, for which they designed and painted the east window.

In 1835 Charlotte, now an outstandingly beautiful girl of 18, married Charles Canning, the only surviving son of the great statesman, who succeeded as Viscount Canning two years later. The two sisters remained devoted to each other, but their paths separated and in 1855 Charlotte left England for good when her husband was appointed Governor-General of India on the eve of the Mutiny. In India

she practised her art with undiminished enthusiasm, painting numerous exquisite little flower-pieces and delicate landscapes which won the grudging approval of Ruskin. Frequently wearied by the formal round of official life, she would sally off into the jungle to gather a few precious exotic blooms which she would hasten home to paint beneath the cool punkahs of Government House. There is a print which shows her setting off on one of these little excursions, accompanied by a few Indian servants and seated upon a modestly caparisoned elephant.

Immediately after Charlotte's wedding Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothesay took Louisa on her first visit to Italy, where she was allowed full indulgence in her artistic tastes. She sketched incessantly, she haunted the galleries, copying details from pictures and watching the other artists at work, quite unaware that they were clamouring for the privilege of painting her. On her return to London she was "brought out" and her shy, pensive beauty immediately attracted the attention of all the most eligible bachelors; Lord Redesdale, Lord Maidstone (heir to the Earl of Winchelsea) and Lord Douglas (heir to the Duke of Hamilton and "the handsomest man of his day") all approached her, but she demurely resisted their advances. It was not until 1839, in the romantic atmosphere of the Eglinton tournament, that she succumbed to the dashing Marquess of Waterford. Three years later she married him and they went to live in the Waterford home at Curraghmore.

Shocked by the squalor of the near-by village, the new Lady Waterford lost no time in setting about schemes for improvement to which she devoted herself during the lonely winter days that her husband spent hunting. She gave the villagers lime to whiten their walls, seeds to sow in their gardens and prizes for the neatest cottages, and, of course, she sketched them indefatigably. But all her good works did not prevent an angry mob from attacking the house during the troubles of 1848, and although the ungrateful peasants were eventually repulsed Lord Waterford prudently decided to keep his wife indoors for some weeks. She had her art to console her, however, and while the revolution raged outside Lady Waterford busied herself by preparing her first book, *The Babes in the Wood*, for publication. She said that this work would be "open to many criticisms," but when it appeared four years later it was enthusiastically received and soon



2 and 3.—WATER-COLOURS BY LADY WATERFORD: A MENTONE FISHERMAN, 1858 (left), AND A FORGE, PROBABLY AT FORD, NORTHUMBERLAND. Both in the Victoria and Albert Museum

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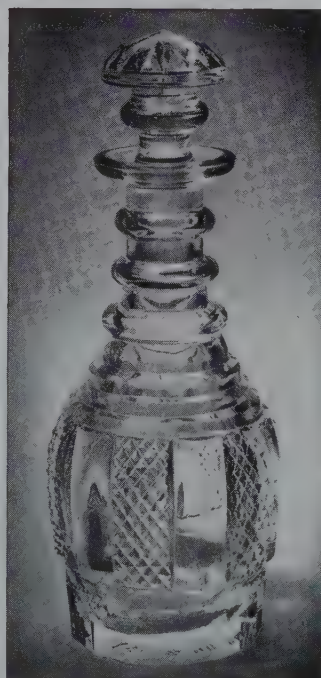
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4.—ONE OF THE BIBLICAL SCENES PAINTED BY LADY WATERFORD AT FORD SCHOOL

became an essential part of every Victorian gentleman's nursery. Writing to her mother from Osborne in 1852, Lady Canning declared, "The 'Babes' have been much admired here. The Prince is quite delighted with it. Both he and the Queen say that Lou ought to learn to etch, and etch it herself. They say they know it is quite easy, for they have often done it themselves."

After the 1848 insurrections had blown over Lady Waterford's life at Curraghmore resumed its quiet course, varied by occasional journeys to England and a few months at Menton, but was suddenly disrupted in 1859 when Lord Waterford was killed in an accident in the hunting-field. Childless, and with her sister in India, Lady Waterford turned to her mother for support; but in 1861 the beloved Charlotte died and six years later her mother died also, leaving her bereft of any close relations.

Lord Waterford was succeeded by his brother, who inherited Curraghmore, but he bequeathed to his widow Ford Castle in Northumberland, and between this somewhat grim northern fastness and Highcliffe Castle (which she inherited from her mother) she passed her days until her death in 1891. At Ford she immediately set about social work in the village and neighbouring countryside, while applying herself more earnestly than ever to her painting, which from now on seems to have occupied nearly all her spare time. Indeed, she was only happy when combining philanthropy and art—by selling her water-colours for favourite charities or painting a cow as a sign for the village shop which sold milk at a very low price to aid her temperance work.

Although she had received but a perfunctory training as a painter, Lady Waterford did not lack encouragement from friends, especially those who were professional artists. Dante Gabriel Rossetti said that she would undoubtedly be a great painter, were she not such a great lady and such a "stunner"; Ruskin also gasped "Stunning!" when first confronted by her painting of a charity girl. Such praise did not, however, satisfy her and she hankered after something grander than the execution of charming water-colours. As early as 1851 she had written: "I do love my art (dare I call it mine?) far more than ever, and long to do a great work. Meantime I labour at the merest correctness, which leads me to discover more and more in every work of Nature; a dead leaf in all its curves seems to disclose so much more than one sees at first." From these words it takes no gift of clairvoyance to detect the influence John Ruskin was beginning to exert on Lady Waterford's aims and practice.

At Ford she was given the opportunity to fulfil her grand ambition by decorating the village school with large painted lunettes. These "frescoes," as she called them, were painted in water-colour on paper which had been dis-tempered and then pasted on calico. Each of

the ten paintings was of a Biblical scene in which life-sized children played the leading parts and she was consequently able to draw her models from the school itself, though none of the boys wished to be immortalised as Cain. The elders of the village were called on to sit for the Rabbis in *Christ Disputing with the Doctors* and, such was her desire for fidelity, a live sheep was carried up to her sitting-room when she was painting *David the Shepherd*. This grandiose cycle of works, which took some twenty years to complete, naturally attracted attention; Landseer is reported as having been "very encouraging," G. F. Watts was ready with sound advice and Burne-Jones urged her on to still higher efforts so that she might leave something to satisfy posterity that "in 1866 there lived an artist as great as Venice ever saw." Ruskin alone seems to have remained critically aloof, and when he was shown the school in 1864 he said only: "Well, I expected you would have done something better than that."

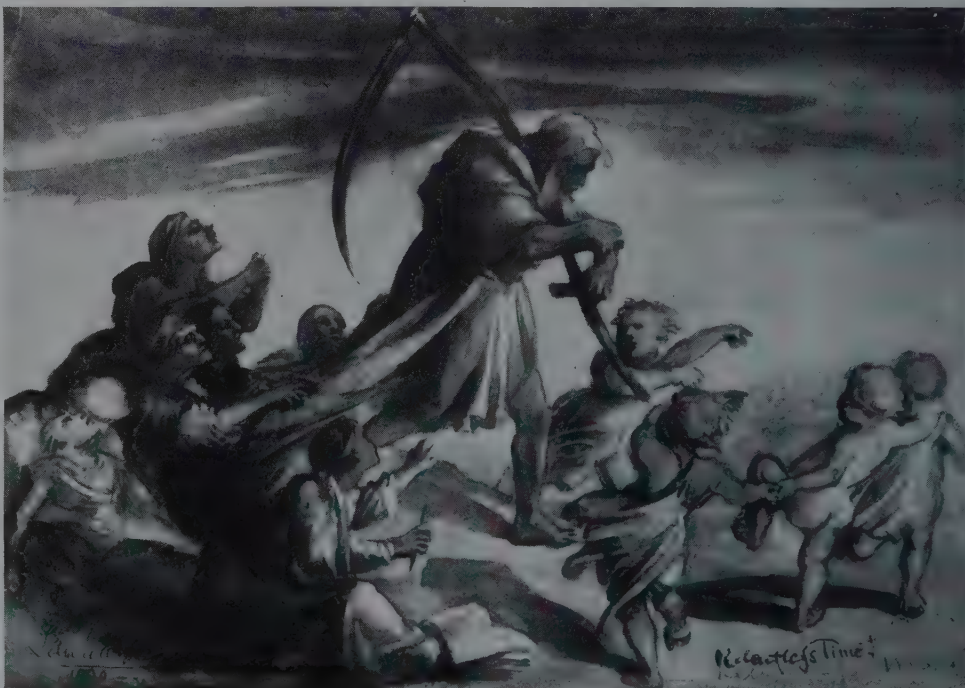
In addition to the frescoes—her *chef d'oeuvre*—Lady Waterford executed a substantial number of finished water-colours which she gave to friends or sold for charity. Occasionally she exhibited in London at the Grosvenor or Dudley Gallery, when she was delighted to find the newspaper critics referring to her as "L. A. Waterford, Esq." But she cherished

few illusions about her merits. After going to see her exhibits at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1879 she wrote: "I see myself as an amateur and no more, not altogether bad, but not good—no, not good at all; and it is the same with all amateurs—there is the difference."

Water-colours by Lady Waterford may now be found in a few museums and in the corridors and bedrooms of many country houses. They may immediately be recognised by their brilliant warmth of colour and freedom of execution—qualities rare in the work of Victorian ladies. Occasionally they are touched by sentimentality, but there is never anything mawkish about them; all have period charm, but that is not their only or most prominent characteristic. The highly finished drawing of a Mentone fisherman (Fig. 2) shows her ability to render detail with precision, and the boldly splashed study of a forge, probably at Ford (Fig. 3), demonstrates her skill in rendering atmospheric effects. Most of her works have a sketchy appearance, for, as Augustus Hare remarked, "It was not in her to finish them. She painted as the birds sing, because she could not help it."

Lady Waterford's works are indeed so slight, so slenderly trivial that simply to mention them is to put them in a false position, and to bring the machinery of criticism to bear on them would be deplorably unchivalrous. Their charm lies in their spontaneity, freshness and, above all, their expression of a wholly delightful personality. For, of all the regiment of Victorian ladies who painted with ease, Lady Waterford with her twin passions for art and philanthropy was surely one of the most endearing, besides being the most eminently Victorian. "She was certainly the noblest woman I ever saw," said Millais, and even the acid Walpurga, Lady Paget, also an amateur painter, was bound to confess (in 1887) that she had "the shy and uncertain manner of a girl of sixteen, great charm and the kindness of the real *grande dame*. She bears the impress of a really refined and noble mind."

It was not without good reason that Augustus Hare entitled his biography of Lady Waterford and Lady Canning *The Story of Two Noble Lives*. This fascinating but neglected book presents an unrivalled picture of the Victorian epoch in all its stormy turbulence and prosperous tranquility, including eye-witness accounts of the troubles in Ireland and the Indian Mutiny. But its most memorable picture is of a shy old lady living quietly and austere in her forbidding Northumbrian home and devoting what time she could spare from social work to painting life-sized pictures of the village children to decorate their school.



5.—RELENTLESS TIME, THE WATER-COLOUR GIVEN BY LADY WATERFORD TO QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1890. Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen

A CAUSERIE ON BRIDGE

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

By M. HARRISON-GRAY

A NEW bidding theory always seems to have been "discovered" independently by a number of geniuses. However disdainfully they may scoff, the chief credit is due to the writer who first elaborates the theme in print. Some years ago, for instance, I ran up against a situation which, until quite recently, I have never seen mentioned in a book or article.

Sitting North, dealer with both sides vulnerable, I held the following in the first post-war Masters' Individual championship:

♠ A 5 ♥ J 10 ♦ K 10 8 7 3 2 ♣ A K 10

With East-West silent, North opens One Diamond and South bids One Spade. Can you think of a satisfactory rebid? I couldn't. The hand seemed too good for One No-Trump or Two Diamonds; Two No-Trumps was scarcely sound without a guard in Hearts; and Three Diamonds would suggest a better suit and less strength on the side. I decided to take a chance with a bid of Two Clubs, not forcing but rarely passed in practice, in the hope that my partner's next move would clarify the issue; he might be able to bid No-Trumps, rebid his Spades, or return to Diamonds. The one thing I did not want to hear was his actual rebid, a jump to Four Clubs.

What should North do now? A tactical retreat to Four Diamonds would get us nowhere, so I took my life in my hands and tried a bid of Four Spades, silently praying that he had a respectable five-suit. Even so—the risk was considerable—would he read Four Spades as a cue bid, with Clubs as the agreed suit? Would he bullock into a slam, on the assumption that my bidding was expressly designed to show not more than one Heart?

To my vast relief South passed quite happily, and it only remained for him to make the contract for a clear top on the board. Full deal:

♠ A 5
♥ J 10
♦ K 10 8 7 3 2
♣ A K 10

♠ Q 8 4 3
♥ K Q 7
♦ J 9 6 5
♣ 8 2

♠ 6 2
♥ A 9 8 4 2
♦ Q 4
♣ J 9 5 4

♠ K J 10 9 7
♥ 6 5 3
♦ A
♣ Q 7 6 3

The play was full of snags after West, who felt sure the dummy would turn up with a singleton Heart, had led the Eight of Clubs. South elected to take the Club with the King and to lead dummy's small Spade at trick 2, finessing the Knave—a neat way of retaining control. West made his Queen and continued with three rounds of Hearts, forcing out dummy's Act of Spades in the hope of promoting his Eight of trumps, but the rest was plain sailing. As it happened we were the only pair to bid and make a game on these cards, but I am afraid we only got there more or less by accident.

This is by no means a rare type of problem, yet even in good company the outcome is usually disastrous. We have had to wait a long while for the first clear exposition of the subject, from the pen of Norman Squire, author of *The Theory of Bidding*, which I reviewed last week.

Squire contends that an immediate return to a hitherto unsupported major at the game level should logically be considered a sign-off. The reason becomes clear if we study his first example:

West ♠ A K 7 6 3 East ♠ 10 8 5
♥ 9 2 ♥ 8 7 3
♦ A 7 ♦ K 2
♣ A 10 8 2 ♣ K Q J 9 5

The bidding: One Spade—Two Clubs; Four Clubs—Four Spades. East makes his natural response, but prospects of eleven tricks seem dubious in spite of West's jump raise. If the opener had only four Spades, he would probably have started with One Club; it must

be absurd to bar East-West from playing in the only game contract they can make, by insisting (as so many players do) that a bid of Four Spades in this sequence is a slam try. Observe how West was fixed on the next example, although facing a player of world renown:

West ♠ Q 9 East ♠ A K 10 7 2
♥ 8 4 ♥ 5 2
♦ A K 6 5 2 ♦ 9 3
♣ K 10 6 2 ♣ A Q 4 3

Actual sequence: One Diamond—One Spade; Two Clubs—Four Clubs; Four Spades—Six Clubs. West might have been all right, as it happened, if he had bid Five Clubs over Four; but with his minimum hand he naturally felt that a ten-trick contract might be safer, as indeed it was. East jumped to the conclusion that his partner was "showing his shape" and could not believe his eyes when the defenders cashed two Hearts.

Now for the corollary. Give West an extra Spade and a singleton Heart. Over Four Clubs he is now worth an effort. Four Hearts is probably best, enabling East to say Four Spades. West can encourage further by supporting Spades; it is the immediate return to partner's major at the game level which constitutes a sign-off. And here is the most telling example in

The Theory of Bidding:

♠ J 9 7 5
♥ K 5
♦ 10
♣ A K 8 6 4 3

♠ A 8 2
♥ A Q 9 8 4
♦ K 7 4 2
♣ 10

♠ Q 4
♥ J 10 3
♦ A Q J 9 8 5
♣ Q 7

♠ K 10 6 3
♥ 7 6 2
♦ 6 3
♣ J 9 5 2

Dealer, West. Neither side vulnerable.
The hand occurred in the 1955 world

championship between Great Britain and the U.S.A. In Room 1 the American West player just made his contract of Four Hearts, North having shifted to a Spade at trick 2 after cashing one high Club. And this was the bidding in Room 2, with a British pair East-West:

South West North East
1 Heart 2 Clubs 2 Diamonds
3 Clubs 4 Diamonds No bid 5 Diamonds
No bid No bid No bid

East-West were playing the CAB system, which requires substantial values for a free bid. This accounts for West's jump raise in Diamonds. (In Room 1 West was content to say Three Diamonds). But why did East fail to return to Hearts on a hand which might well offer a dubious play for eleven tricks? The explanation is obvious. East wanted to say Four Hearts over Four Diamonds, but under his methods this would be read as a slam try. So you see what he was reduced to—a choice of the following:

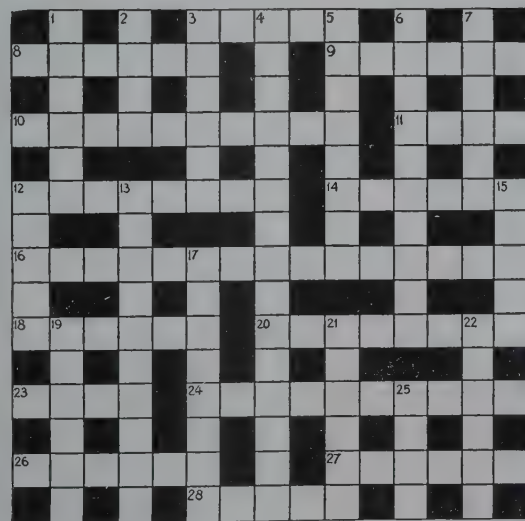
1. A pass over Four Diamonds, thereby missing an easy game in Hearts.
2. A bid of Five Diamonds, which cannot be made.
3. A bid of Four Hearts, which cannot be passed, resulting in some unmakeable final contract.

Something is clearly wrong when a player wishes to sign off at the game level, but is unable to do so in the only game contract that can be made.

To wind up this tale, I have to record the strange fact that the U.S.A. gained a mere 20 points on the board, the difference between 420 and 400. Had the excellent player sitting South in Room 2 been playing in anything but a world championship match, he would undoubtedly have led his partner's suit and waited for the Spade return which defeats the British contract; as it was, he felt compelled to start with the Three of Spades, and East could relax when his Queen won the trick.

CROSSWORD No. 1417

COUNTRY LIFE books to the value of 3 guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 1417, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on the morning of Tuesday, April 9, 1957.



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SOLUTION TO No. 1416. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of March 28, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Pica; 3, Empedocles; 9, Lamb; 10, Flageolet; 12, React; 13, Icebox; 15, Roc; 18, Mouse; 19, Exception; 22, Guarantee; 24, Tache; 25, Ova; 26, Totnes; 29, Refit; 32, Hottentots; 33, Cran; 34, Brass bands; 35, Asps. **DOWN.**—1, Pilgrimage; 2, Campanulas; 4, Millicent; 5, Eagle; 6, Ovolo; 7, Lies; 8, So-so; 11, Stresa; 14, Bee; 16, Pitchforks; 17, Undertones; 20, Cressets; 21, Petard; 23, Nut; 27, Opens; 28, Netta; 30, Chub; 31, Etna.

ACROSS

3. "Hark! from that moonlit — what a burst! — What triumph! hark, what pain!" —Matthew Arnold (5)
8. Nothing to take in this island (6)
9. The spread of what used to be the Big Top? (6)
10. Part of the skeleton to grab hold of (10)
11. This bishop may have 4 for tea (4)
12. Daddy's chin, perhaps, when we kissed him good-night (8)
14. One of the Finches on police duty? (6)
16. It does not descend in sheets though the rain may as an accompaniment (6, 9)
18. From the bat or for the cat (6)
20. It comes pouring out of the inkpot (8)
23. The responsibility is borne by the United States (4)
24. The French novelist has only one alternative initial apparently. Food for thought? (10)
26. Go and mend it! (6)
27. Wanderers on the sea roads (6)
28. The Roman says I love being in a steamer in the Aegean (5)

DOWN

1. "It were an easy leap — To pluck bright — from the pale-fac'd moon!" —Shakespeare (6)
2. Not specifically a round dance (4)
3. More than a sort of island for penning the animals (6)
4. The best part of the county? (10, 5)
5. Her cares might be devoted to this (if a Madame Curie) (8)
6. Do they wait on little workers? (10)
7. Can a No be taken for this in Italy? (6)
12. They might be called an unpaid form of advertising on the railways (5)
13. You would not bake this before making use of it (4, 2, 4)
15. The architect takes the dog in (5)
17. Mechanised aids to navigation (8)
19. Is Lent suitable for getting this, or, rather, Christmas? (6)
21. Plasterers and milkmen both make use of these (6)
22. Lop six of them, or just pick them? (6)
25. Much activity in the beginning of 4 (4)

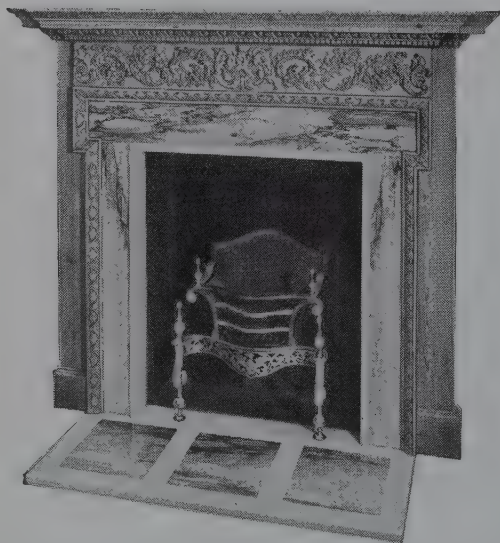
NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.

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THE ESTATE MARKET

PRICE MOVEMENT
UNCERTAINTIES

IT is reasonable that people who read these notes should expect to be kept in touch with price movements, and I try to give a résumé of market trends as often as possible. But whenever I do so, I receive letters from readers asking me to price properties that they contemplate either buying or selling, and though these letters may, and often do, contain detailed information about the properties in question—sales particulars are sometimes included—it is a task that can be undertaken satisfactorily only by a qualified valuer, and, moreover, by one who has seen the property. Indeed, the best that one can do when writing from a distance is to collect from estate agents the particulars of, and prices fetched by, different types of property in various parts of the country, and to reproduce them in the hope that they may give readers a rough idea of the market value of their own house or farm. I say rough idea, because the subsequent comparison may prove to be wide of the mark. For example, two Regency houses may be almost identical in size and appearance, but whereas one of them may be in excellent condition, set in pleasant surroundings in a favoured district, the other may be riddled with dry rot or situated in a remote part of the country where there would be little hope of keeping a staff. As for farms, the quality of land is apt to vary from parish to parish, added to which the incidence and quality of fixed equipment exercise a tremendous and increasing influence on values.

AUCTIONS AS A GUIDE

NEVERTHELESS, provided that it is accepted that no two properties are exactly alike, no harm can be done by comparing prices, and, short of going to the expense of having his property valued, it affords a man who may be toying with the idea of selling his house the best chance of assessing its value at a given time. Similarly, if he is thinking of buying, he will, by looking through the advertisement pages of COUNTRY LIFE, or, better still—since prices asked are not always given—by following the results of auction sales, obtain a rough idea of what he can hope to get for the price he is prepared to pay.

REGENCY HOUSES STILL POPULAR

REVERTING to market conditions for houses in general, I have no doubt that, whereas the values of most types of property have fallen considerably during the past two or three years, the prices of small, period houses, especially those situated within easy reach of London, have shown little change. This belief is borne out by a reader who writes that she has found from recent first-hand experience of house-hunting in Kent and Sussex that smallish houses of character, particularly Regency houses, which are not in a village or surrounded by council houses and which are attached to main supplies are just as hard to come by as they were ten years ago.

"The asking prices," she goes on to say, "indicate one of two things: either inflated values, based on conditions that prevailed a year or two ago; or the fact that many people (like ourselves) have sunk too much capital into modernisation to be able to afford to lose it easily."

SELLERS ASKING TOO MUCH

JUST as there is no doubt in my mind that there has been little, if any, falling away in the market value of small, period houses, so am I convinced that the reader is correct when

she attributes the apparent firmness of prices asked to the fact that intending sellers are either living in the past or feel that they cannot afford to drop capital. Indeed, estate agents will tell one that their books are cluttered up with properties that stand no chance of being sold until their owners appreciate that the pendulum has swung at least half-way between a seller's and a buyer's market.

SALES IN SUSSEX

IN view of the scarcity of period properties in Sussex, it is surprising that there are two sales to report from there this week. One of these is Peckhams, an Elizabethan house standing in 32 acres at Halland, which Messrs. St. John Smith and Son, Charles J. Parris and Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. have sold on behalf of Sir Hartley Shawcross, Q.C., M.P.; and the other is Framfield Manor, near Uckfield, which is reputed to date from early Tudor days and which has a farmery of about 30 acres in addition to grounds of 4½ acres. In this case, Messrs. Charles J. Parris, St. John Smith and Son were sole agents.

NORTHUMBERLAND ESTATE SOLD

SEVERAL small agricultural estates have changed hands recently in different parts of the country, and one of these is Morris Hall, Norham-on-Tweed, Northumberland, where the farm, of just over 300 acres, has been used for demonstration purposes by the Agricultural Committee. The property, which was sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, includes a stone house dating from the 18th century, a modernised farm-house, five cottages and an extensive range of buildings.

Another farm that has found a new owner is Sunwood, a T.T. dairy and mixed holding of 280 acres at Ditcham Park, near Petersfield, on the borders of Hampshire and Sussex, the sale of which was negotiated by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Woodcocks.

Hill Court Farm, Grafton Flyford, Worcestershire, sold the other day by Messrs. Lear and Lear, of Cheltenham, includes an exceptional Elizabethan house, a T.T. attested farm of 230 acres, a chauffeur's flat and four cottages.

AVOIDING BUDGET DATE

APRIL 9 had been the date fixed by Messrs. Strutt and Parker, Lofts and Warner for the auction of portions of Earl Sondes's Lees Court estate, Faversham, Kent, but in view of the fact that the Budget is to be announced on that day, the sale has been postponed until April 16. The land to be offered totals 661 acres and includes six farms, one of which, together with several smallholdings and cottages, will be offered with possession.

NO CHORES FOR STUDENTS

STUDENTS of Nottingham University have expressed disappointment that a ban imposed last autumn that forbids unmarried undergraduates from living in flats that have no resident landlady is not to be lifted. The students' point of view is that they prefer the privacy of a flat to lodgings, where they have to reckon with possible interference from a landlady. The authorities, on the other hand, take the view that by living in accommodation where there was no supervision, students were sacrificing study time to perform domestic chores, and they were able to point to the fact that examination failures were more numerous among undergraduates living out.

PROCURATOR.



The Saxons called this 'Eoster-monath' and thereby honoured the Anglo-Saxon goddess of Spring. Our name for the month, however, derives from the Latin word 'aperire' ('to unfold').

Our earliest recollections of April seldom (alas!) are concerned with tulips blowing prettily in the showers. It is much more likely that they are centred upon the mildly lunatic festival with which the month begins. And it is all very well for our children to tell us that we cannot be made an April Fool after 12 o'clock on the first; Budget Day brings to most of us the faint suspicion that someone has forgotten the rules of the game. It is all very unsettling; but there is some comfort in the knowledge that (outwardly, at least) the Midland Bank remains unaffected by all this spring fever. It continues steadily on its way, providing banking service for all, in a way that everybody likes.

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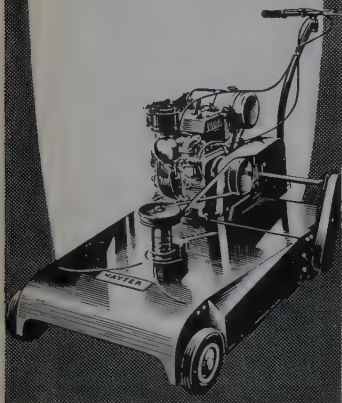
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FARMING NOTES

SPRING SOWING PROGRESS

ON Sundays, as well as week-days, farmers and their tractor drivers have been busy cultivating for spring sowing and getting ahead with the planting programme where the ground has been dry enough. On the large farms a full team with a crawler tractor drawing a wide combine drill and attendant tractors harrowing will plant 50 acres a day, so I am assured. There are almost always some delays through cog breaking or chains snapping, if nothing worse, but even so progress in the spring sowing programme has been good in the past month. Farmers on the easier-working chalk land, light loam and gravel have got on very well, and the first fields sown in late February are well established. Even after a torrential down-pour, such as we had on Wednesday, March 20, these soils dry quite quickly and by Friday the drills were busy again. Not so on the stickier loams and clays. A friend in the Midlands tells me that except for one sandy field, exceptional on his clay farm, he had done no more than plough and cross plough by Lady Day. We all hope to be farther ahead by then. Still our clay-land friends may score yet in this extraordinary spring, when the blossom in the garden and hedgerows has been a month ahead of usual. Retentive clay has its virtues in a prolonged summer drought.

Wheat Complaint

MY Midland friend on the clay land tries to get half his grain acreage sown away to wheat in the autumn. He did so in October. Now he feels cause for complaint, because the standard price for wheat for the 1957 harvest has been revised and his cropping allocations between the three cereals were necessarily made in the autumn long before this year's price review. In this matter he is nursing an imaginary grievance. What has happened in fact is that at last year's review the wheat guarantee was reduced from 29s. 9d. a cwt. to 28s. 3d. for the 1957 harvest. Then came the Government's White Paper on long term assurances, by which the Government bound itself not to reduce the guarantee on any commodity by more than 4 per cent. from one year to the next. Accordingly, the reduction for the 1957 harvest is now to be no more than 1s. 2d. a cwt. When my friend planted his wheat in October he thought the 1957 standard price would be 28s. 3d.; it is now to be 28s. 7d.

Up Corn

BOTH corn and horn are encouraged in this year's price review. The barley and oats guarantees go up; oats by no less than 2s. 8d. a cwt. over the 1956 harvest price. The aim here is to convince more farmers that it will pay them to grow coarse grains to feed their livestock. Horn is encouraged, too, by a higher guarantee—an extra 5s. a live cwt.—on the best-quality beef cattle of under 11 cwt. that the market now prefers. Perhaps in these days one should not think and write in terms of horn—as so many of our cattle are polled, either bred naturally that way or dehorned as calves. But the important matter is that corn and horn are linked in the development of British agriculture. In the days before the 1914 war we always thought that if one went up the other would go down. They can both go up further and enhance still more the 59 per cent. increase in net farm output since 1939. This is a great achievement. The jump of 3 per cent. in one year is due, no doubt, to the extra eggs and milk that have been produced.

More Feed

THESE extra eggs and, to some extent, extra milk and pigmeat have proved costly in imported feeding-stuffs. Over the past five years there have been sharp increases in the imports of concentrates, and our dependence on the by-products from imported grains and seeds; in 1952-53 the total was 4,200,000 tons, and for 1956-57 it was forecast at 7,000,000 tons. It is true that these increased imports have added to British agriculture's net output by enabling many small farmers to carry more milking cows, hens and pigs than they would otherwise. But when the cows, hens and pigs are exceeding the production levels which the Government requires and are embarrassing the Exchequer, the balance of advantage is doubtful. Indeed if we lived in a planned State the issue of feeding-stuffs would be severely restricted, especially so far as coarse grains costing dollars are concerned. Instead we give British farmers grants to put up silos, hoping that more will make silage for their cows and so save on the winter cake bill.

In Millions

AGRICULTURE'S net income for 1956/57 is reckoned at £317,000,000 in the White Paper on the price review, compared with £325,000,000 for 1955/56. Adjusted for normal weather conditions these estimates become £334,000,000 for 1956/57, compared with £306,500,000 in 1955/56. This £334,000,000 is the figure to keep in mind as the measure of agriculture's real earning power at the present stage of development. When a Conservative M.P. asked the Financial Secretary to the Treasury how much of the farm subsidies, now amounting to about £250,000,000 a year, came back to the Treasury in taxes paid by farmers, the reply was that the total amount of tax on farmers' incomes is not much more than 10 per cent. of the amount of the subsidy—that is £25,000,000. This was greeted by cries of "Poor old farmers" from the Labour benches. I wonder why.

Bank Loans

ADVANCES made to British agriculture by members of the British Bankers' Association now stand at £220,378,000, compared with £225,913,000 a year ago. This is a healthy sign. There has not been any acute squeeze on farm credit and, so far as I can judge, most farmers have been able to get all the accommodation they want. Probably they did not want so much after the bank rate was raised. We are now coming to the time of the year when seasonal overdrafts are convenient. May to September are the lean months for the arable farmer.

Silage Grants

AN Ulster farmer tells me that the subsidy on silage made which Northern Ireland farmers now get worked out well last year. He received a "dab in the hand" for every ton of silage made and he always makes silage anyway. He thinks this distribution of largesse to some will make others envious enough to try their hand at silage-making this coming summer. It must be quite a business going round the farms measuring up the amount of silage made, seeing how much is good, and reckoning the amount of subsidy due. I believe the Northern Ireland Ministry of Agriculture has a competent team of technical officers who are in close touch with most of the farmers.

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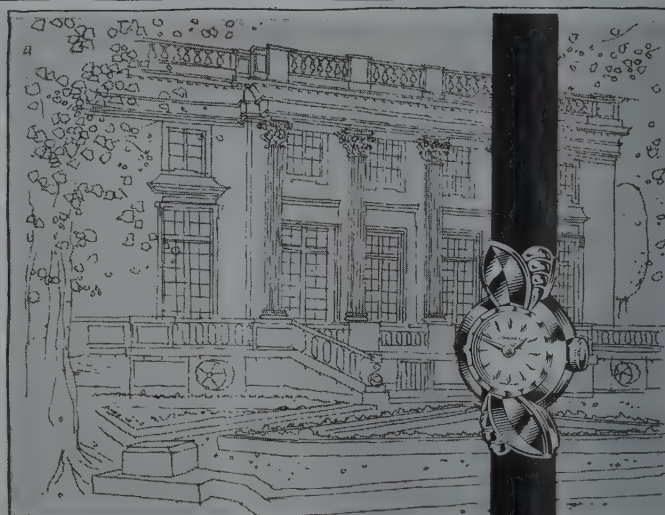
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NEW BOOKS

MASTER OF THE SHORT STORY

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THE first book published by the justly famous Golden Cockerel Press was *Adam and Eve and Pinch Me*, by A. E. Coppard. That was not only the first book to be published by the new press. It was the first Coppard book to be published by anyone.

He was forty-three. When Harold Taylor cycled over from Oxford to talk to him on behalf of the Golden Cockerel Press he found the author upstairs in one of the two bedrooms of his minute country cottage. Coppard had no trousers on, for he had only one pair and was at that moment stitching away at the rents in them. His book

literature no doubt these remarks upon Scott will appear thoughtless, heretical, stupid, but I must urge that Scott did not write only for students of literature, he wrote for the general reader, people like me." He did not pause to reflect that "the general reader, people like me," in their millions read Scott for generations with delight, and that any writer who has pulled that off has done reasonably well. That a change of taste has thrown Scott out of fashion for the moment is another matter.

Another blind spot was religion. "In every parish, at the behest of some ecclesiastical body, a priest is



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IT'S ME, O LORD! By A. E. Coppard
(Methuen, 22s. 6d.)

LADY WU. By Lin Yutang
(Heinemann, 15s.)

ONE THOUSAND METRES DOWN.
By Jean Cadoux and others, translated by R. L. G. Irving
(Allen and Unwin, 21s.)

had been turned down by seven eminent firms of publishers, and he was managing to keep body and soul together by selling an occasional short story. Two months before Taylor's call he had entered in his log-book that he was sending off six manuscripts to six magazine editors. "I have at the moment only 3/1 to my name. The postage on these is 2/- and I want some envelopes, and the bus fare to Oxford and back is threepence at least. I sell a couple of books for 4/- and bask once more."

Coppard died a few weeks ago, just at the time when his autobiography came out: *It's Me, O Lord!* (Methuen, 22s. 6d.). He tells us his story from birth up to the moment when Taylor called and his fortunes changed. From then on, he became increasingly known and respected as a short-story writer of great individuality and with a deep respect for his own medium. He never would write anything but short stories. He tells us that he was often urged to write novels and was told that they would mean a fourfold increase of income, but the short story was his "thing" and he was not to be turned from it.

REGARD FOR OTHER WRITERS

Long before Coppard, in middle age, threw himself upon the world's mercy as a writer, he had a profound regard for other writers, an inborn taste for those books that would give him nourishment, and an immovable objection to having thrust down his throat those books which other people told him he should read but which he believed didn't "answer" where he was concerned. He showed the same disposition to music and painting and the consequence is the character here revealed: deep within narrow limits, a cleft, not a valley.

Here is one example of his rejections. He utterly condemns Walter Scott and adds: "To a student of

allotted to the community in order to disseminate dogma about a soul and other astounding assumptions which no rational being could accept." And yet this rational being, Coppard, writes: "What Keats said at the end of the *Ode to a Grecian Urn* . . . is mystically acceptable, but what he meant by his truth and his beauty will remain delightfully unknown." Is not mystical acceptability — "spiritual things are spiritually discerned"—the essence of religion? And if the meaning of God is hardly delightfully it is, at any rate, awe-fully unknown.

ESCAPE FROM THE DEAD-ENDS

However, to me the main fascination of this book is the ever-fascinating question of how, against all probability of ancestry and circumstance, a man becomes an artist, which Coppard was. There was nothing—nothing whatever—in his early life to blow on the spark which clearly was there. Dickens liked to dwell, with a kind of gratifying horror, on the hard times he went through. He managed to turn his few weeks in a blacking factory into a sojourn in Dante's deepest inferno. Compared with Coppard's life, his was on carpet and in clover. He did at any rate have access to books, and in Coppard's home a book seems to have been a thing the very idea of which had not been grasped. Born in Folkestone, shifted early to Brighton, one of a large family subsisting in abject and humiliating poverty, the boy was done with school at nine, went to London and did all sorts of trivial dead-end jobs there, and then went back home to Brighton.

How on earth did he ever break out of the dead end? He read his whack of trash, as most boys do. As a blind sucking mouth searches round for a nipple, he instinctively tasted this and that till, one day, he found *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*. That tasted right. He wanted more, and

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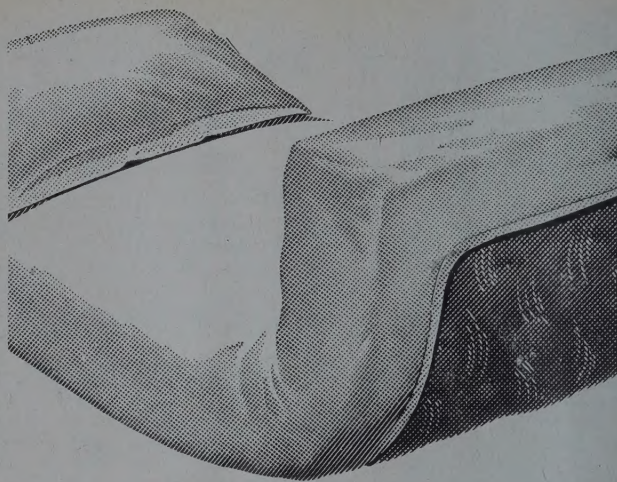
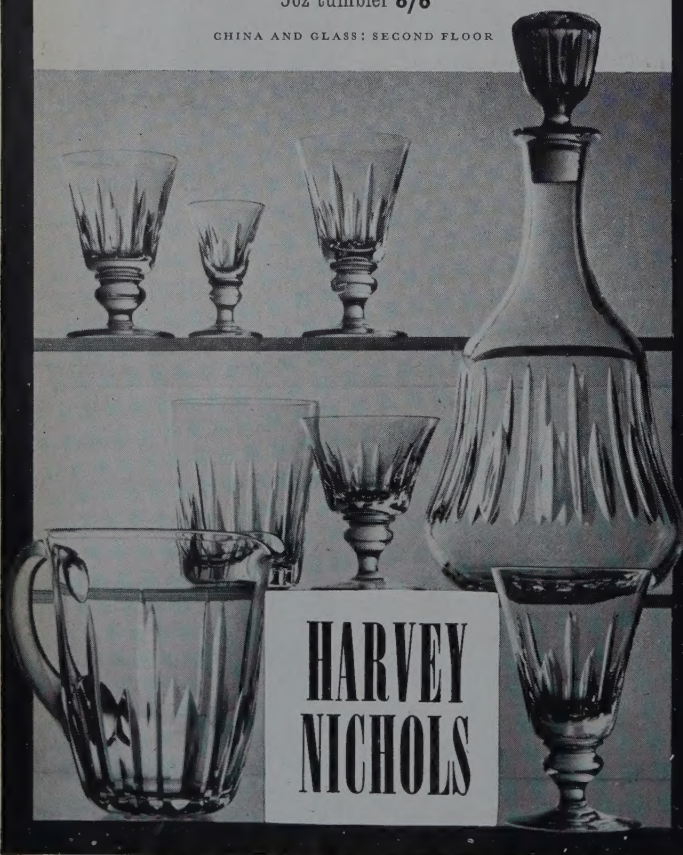
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VICTORIA STREET SW1 · VICTORIA 1234 DAY AND NIGHT

5 minutes' walk from Victoria Station

Colour IN THE COUNTRY

THE current cult of separates has spread to country fashions with a vengeance and infiltrated the stronghold once held by the tailored suit and twinset. Odd jackets, slacks, sweaters, shirts and skirts have mixed colours as well as fabrics in lively combinations so that country clothes rival those of the beaches for gaiety. The biggest change of all, perhaps, has been brought about by the popularity of the odd jacket, which, though kept to strictly tailored styles, has burst into strong colours, especially for the proofed cotton gaberdines and for linings for the more sombre tweeds.

The easy low-set sleeve, highlight of this season's tailored suits, is a particularly suitable line for these jackets, which need to be cut so that they can be slipped on over thick-knit sweaters and tweeds. This year's series tend to be either shorter or longer than the previous year's. To look smart they should only just cover suit jackets or more than cover them. Thus they often just reach the hipbone or are three-quarter-length.

The short jackets in suède or proofed cotton are warmly lined and banded at the hem in the same way as the jackets in sleek suiting that make the third piece for a town suit. Colours are really bright or the classic covert coating shade, both of which look well over almost anything. Plaid or scarlet linings are fashionable; so are white fleecy ones or those made from Terylene or nylon fur fabric. For high summer linings are, of course, discarded and the jackets in strong pinks, violet, yellow and blues are smart enough for town as well as the country. Their lightness and gaiety plus their showerproof qualities have made them popular.



(Left) A three-quarter length ribbed cardigan in thick oatmeal wool is banded with brown leather on the pockets (Harrods)

(Right) Tartan suit in smooth wool, the short jacket nicked at the waist and the skirt knife-pleated all round. The muffin beret matches (Jaeger)

(Below) A shower-proof unlined summer jacket in candy pink cotton poplin has a low-set armhole and a band at the hem into which pockets are inserted in front (Dannimac)

A jacket that is impervious to all the elements is shown by Lillywhites in a special beige fabric that is as strong as sheepskin and looks somewhat like gaberdine. There is a double fastening down the front, where one set of buttons covers another row that is set on a narrow inner panel. This jacket is warmly lined with plaid wool and has large pockets for the country or yachting. Duffel coats come in brilliant emerald or red cloth lined with white fleecy wool and with a large round collar of the white. A corduroy jacket, three-quarter-length, has been processed so that it repels stains. It, too, has big pockets and is double-breasted.

Three-quarter woollen coats lined with



brilliant plaid and hooded come in many colours and a sleek suède jacket in a nut brown shade is windproof and three-quarter-length. This would look smart at a point-to-point meeting with a check tweed skirt that has a brown leather belt slotted through.

For warmer weather Lillywhites show long narrow coats over dresses, both in double-knit wool jersey from Switzerland. The coats button down the front and the sheath dresses come in a shade paler than the coat and have slight drape on the bodice held by a button that matches those on the coat. Tennis dresses in Terylene are shown with crisply pleated skirts. The bodices have widish collars and revers and are sleeveless. White cotton piqué tennis dresses shaped by gores widening to the hem iron out easily and are bordered round the armholes and collar with a narrow band of white cotton ribbing. Both dresses, though completely different, are graceful.

The long proofed poplin coats have a double use in the summer, when they can be worn either in showery weather or simply as light coats over cotton dresses. Spectator



afterwards. This makes them ideal for travelling. A white coat looks so well at a resort and now one can be taken without bothering about cleaning. Three-quarter-length jackets in Terylene woven with wool are equally creaseless and can be washed, as the percentage of Terylene is sufficient. The material has the smooth finish of a worsted and comes only in the pastel shades and navy. Dog's-tooth check tweed coats in strong blue and white are shown with full caped backs. Slacks, too, favour check, in this case, of compact measurements, and the line is tapered to the ankles, while blazers in red join the classic navy or white. The Dereta blazers in double-knit wool jersey with a band of ribbing round the pockets and collar look different and very smart. Thick-knit cardigans in fancy ribbed patterns are being knitted so that they end at the waist, and this length seems to be gradually becoming more popular than the longer hip-length style. For the finer striped sweaters, on the other hand, it is the long overblouse effect that is fashionable for wearing with either shorts or slacks.

Country hats add to the gaiety of country clothes. The Homberg type with an oval dented crown and narrow rolling brim is being shown in felt and in fine panama for later on. The panamas are so light and pliable that they can be rolled up and tucked away in a corner. Herbert Johnson make the felt Hombergs and also helmets in wool jersey that pull on, framing the face and hiding the hair. Jaeger are showing smart muffin berets in tweed or cloth to match their suits, as well as soft knitted hats in brilliant shades that can be worn in the fashionable way as a sou'wester.

New materials that resemble a coarse canvas or coach hide but are actually man-made fibres are being used for sets of luggage that are sized to cope with a long holiday, a short one or just a week-end. Revelation use the coarse linen-like material for their smart new overnight case that has a narrower base than top. This has the squared construction of a suitcase that is newer than the bolster type, and the canvas is in a darkish beige strapped with matching leather. It is washable, very durable and light, and there are sets of expanding cases to match. The overnight case has zipped compartments and a separate wet pack in the centre and is sufficiently wide to take a pair of slippers. Another man-made fabric that looks much like coach hide is shown in two shades of brown, one a real tan the other paler, more like a pigskin. This set of luggage includes one of the wardrobe cases with a bevelled base that fits easily into the boot of a car. Sets in tweed flecks or sponge-bag checks keep to the squared corners for their wardrobe cases. There is a handsome set in a cream washable fabric that looks like leather, as well as extra light zipped "grips" for air travel.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



The jacket on the left is of flecked tweed in mixed colours, and it reverses to a gay weather-proofed gaberdine lining. The short jacket is in brilliant coloured water-proofed gaberdine, fashionably shaped (Burberrys)

(Left) A gold lapel brooch of a horse whose jockey can wear the colours of your choice (J. W. Benson)

Photographs by
COUNTRY LIFE
Studio

Sports have introduced them to their mid-season collection in gay young colours—sugar pink, moss green, butter yellow—and full enough to wear over really full-skirted dresses. The coats usually have stitched edges and a half belt at the back. Other young clothes in this collection are the jeans-and-blouse outfits; one has sponge-bag check jeans with a yellow blouse which is long-sleeved and high-necked with white ruffles down the front. Fleecy wool striped jeans, as well as tropical patterned linen jeans, look smart. Nothing could be gayer than these, for, though designed for the beach, they are also intended for the country.

CHECK tweeds join the plains for country coats as well as suits. A black and white dog's-tooth check coat by Jaeger is lined with scarlet and constructed with a low-set armhole and a neat collar that folds away a trifle from the throat—a treatment of the shoulder line that seems particularly effective for this type of casual coat. Their scarlet and mustard jackets and plaid tweeds make the country displays look very gay, though the camel-hair coats and tweeds in muted flecked mixtures are also represented.

Orlon coats are a great novelty at Harrods. They can be washed and drip-dried, needing only a light press on the wrong side with an iron



A woollen cardigan knitted in a blob pattern in sky blue and white is banded all round the edges with white (Jaeger)